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Other People's Money - - By John T. Flynn

September 30, 1933

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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The Prince of Wales Sees Red **By**

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EPT. 30, 1933

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Surround her with the luxury of a Fisher Body interior. Rich upholsteries. Smart fittings and appointments.

Buy her America's most economical car and watch how much money she saves on gas, oil, upkeep and repairs.

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15 WAYS TO PLEASE YOUR WIFE
in choosing a low-priced car

Keep the children cool when it's hot—free from drafts when it's cold—with Fisher Ventilation.

CHEVROLET

Please don't be too surprised, gentlemen, if you happen to find this magazine propped up on the living-room table—opened significantly to this Chevrolet page. It's only a gentle reminder—from a certain member of your household—that she has some very positive ideas about the kind of car she prefers to drive. And more than likely, these 15 winning ways about the new Chevrolet sum up exactly what she has in mind. Fifteen ways to please a wife! Fifteen clear-cut advantages that Chevrolet holds over any other low-priced car. Fifteen reasons why more women drive Chevrolets than any other make of new car. Best of all, these fifteen assorted pleasures come all neatly done up in the biggest package of value you could possibly bring home—to a leading lady—in a low-priced automobile.

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Save her energy, her nerves. Give her a cushion-balanced engine that kills annoying vibration. Also, give her Syncro-Mesh plus Free Wheeling!

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Give her doors she can open easily—without kicking or pushing! Chevrolet doors—equipped with the easy-opening, automatic door ejector.

Save her a lot of embarrassment—by getting doors that are hinged in front, and swing open forward—as they do in every Chevrolet.

Give her a smart, trimly styled car—one that's becoming to her. Smart, jaunty lines. Modern profile. Gay, sparkling colors. A new Chevrolet!

SAVE WITH A NEW
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Will He Smile

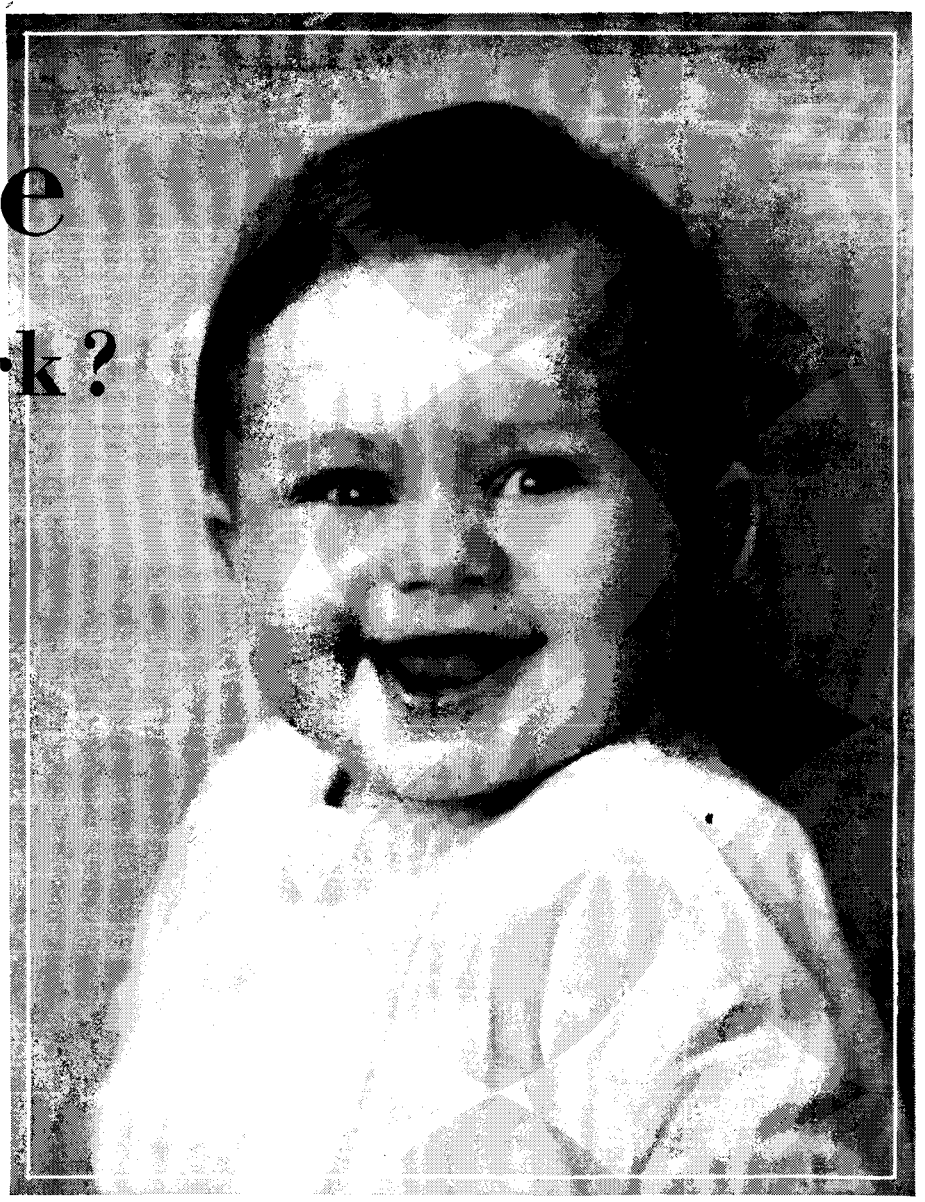
When He Needs Work?

Twenty years from now when he needs work, Jimmy Skaggs will have something more than his smile to help him. He will have training, and money for a start in life . . . wisely provided for by his parents through their Investors Syndicate Thrift Plan.

"We are starting Jimmy's educational fund now," says his father, "so that it can grow while he is growing up and have compound interest added. The money for his start in life will be ready when he is, and his mother and I will not have to back him with heavy payments from current funds.

"I believe that if every man and woman would adopt a systematic plan of thrift we would not have the distress, unhappiness, and poverty we are facing today."

When you think of this baby's future, you know that the systematic thrift of his parents is well advised. But do you realize that, through Investors Syndicate Thrift Plans, it is possible for *any one* to accumulate a large sum of money over a period of years? This is worth investigating.



An actual photograph of James W. Skaggs, Jr., of Nitro, West Virginia, whose education and start in life are already provided for through an Investors Syndicate Plan.

Investors Syndicate Thrift Plans enable an individual or company to adopt a systematic plan for accumulating money over a period of years. The most common purposes of these plans are: Independence at 50, 55, or 60; Means and Leisure for Travel; Acquiring a Home; Business Expansion or Reserve; Education of Children. The resources of Investors Syndicate now exceed $50,000,000. For 39 years, in good times and bad, Investors Syndicate has maintained a perfect record for prompt payment of all maturities, loans, cash surrenders, and all obligations.

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Upon request (use coupon) Investors Syndicate will send complete information to any person interested in Systematic Thrift.

IMPORTANT: We know we will receive many requests for pictures of the smiling baby shown above. If you would like a handsome reproduction (suitable for framing—no advertising) just request it on the coupon below.

COUPON

Mail to Investors Syndicate, Dept. C39B, Minneapolis, Minn., or consult phone book for address of office in your city.

I am interested in a plan whereby I may lay aside a small part of my income for a specific purpose. Please send picture of baby (check) ☐

Name----------

Address---------- *State*----------

Beverly Robertson will go to college. The money is being laid aside now through an Investors Syndicate Thrift Plan by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Robertson of Danielson, Connecticut.

Little Zelma Bandler has a Thrift Plan just like that of her father, Matthew S. Bandler, President of P. E. Sharpless Butter Company of Philadelphia. Mr. Bandler took out an Investors Syndicate Certificate for himself . . . then decided there was nothing better for his daughter so started another for her.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

TRY to watch the New Deal in operation. Just try. While you have your eyes fixed on new forests springing into existence in California, the cards have passed on and are being dealt to the Gloucester fishermen or the Mississippi planters or, with a certain emphasis, to the automobile and steel industries. It's disconcerting. After a while all that you can see is headlines.

Collier's reporters, hurrying up and down the land, are busily gathering reports that show you in human terms the meaning of those headlines. Next week they take you to Gastonia.

You remember Gastonia, North Carolina—the scene of riots and bloodshed in 1929. Things are different there now. They have made room for a thousand more children in the schools—children who used to be employed in the mills. The wheel has turned. And there's a ratchet in it: it won't slip back.

William G. Shepherd and Ifor Thomas, Collier's staff photographer, show you a scene of busy hands and happy faces—"Humanity, Common, Goes Up."

YOU wouldn't think of going to a hospital to find a husband—especially an enormously expensive private hospital where you couldn't possibly afford to be. But that's what Joyce Conway did, and Joyce was a bright girl. She had been raised, schooled, trained and dressed to marry money. She was amazingly beautiful. And yet with all that equipment she had not, so far, done well. Teresa Hyde Phillips describes a night in the hospital garden when, for a moment, Joyce forgot that in the lives of insolvent butterflies all "Moons Must Be Golden."

IN A GRIPPING story of the old frontier Ernest Haycox gives the romance of a gambler, Ben Tarrade, in a community that dealt with unorthodoxy ruthlessly and according to "Their Own Lights."

THE most spectacular of all steel construction jobs is the erection of an arm of a great cantilever bridge. It's a delicate business, too; a single weak spot may send the whole structure crashing to the ground. R. G. Kirk, who used to build bridges himself, writes about it in "Doom Over Red Gash," the story of young Pete Hank Malloy and the Skyhook's daughter—who looked like a Valkyrie.

PAUL JONES, Ray Tucker, Walter Davenport, Freling Foster, Arthur Somers Roche and E. Phillips Oppenheim bring you wit, wisdom and the best of entertainment. A perfect diet.

This Week

September 30, 1933

Cover by Howard Butler

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Any Week

HAVING read George Creel's "*Working on the Railroads*," Mr. Frank J. Blumenstine of Ogden, Utah, drops everything to notify us that he approves. It is "honest and to the point," says he, adding, however, that he doesn't think it would be an injustice "to cut the railroad presidents, vice presidents and chairmen to $10,000 a year. Or don't you think that they could exist on a paltry $10,000 a year?" adds Mr. Blumenstine, who is not, we understand, a railroad president, vice president or chairman.

SEVERAL of our athletic readers suggest that Cleve Orr be given his unconditional release. Cleve, you might as well know, was the pitcher in Talbert Josselyn's "Too Much Steam." Amongst the other indignant rooters, Mr. James McFatridge of Muncie, Indiana, finds that "slowly, easily, Cleve Orr wound up" with a runner on third. What, demands Mr. McFatridge, did that runner do while Cleve was winding up? We aren't sure. We weren't there that day. But Cleve might have emulated the ancient and honorable Rube Waddell in similar circumstances. The Rube beaned the runner while the latter was scampering for home.

WHILE awaiting the steamship which was to carry him to China, Mr. John Binford of Indianapolis, Indiana, paused long enough in Los Angeles to be convinced that it is the scene of operation for a large number of chiselers. "I wouldn't say this," writes Mr. Binford, "but I am a chiseler of that old order. Anyway, they are advertising used cars and writing pads by the pound and chocolate fudge by the square foot. I am now about to go out and dicker for about a yard and a half of bananas." Very good if washed down with several bales of beer.

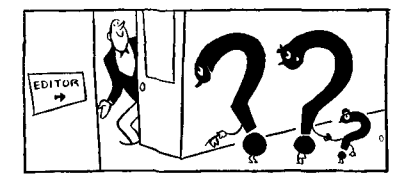
MISS SELINA BOYLE of Chicago, Illinois, presides over a news stand in a big hotel. Nothing like a job like that to accumulate the facts of life. For example, Miss Boyle finds that "there is a difference between Collier's readers and just readers. Some folks," says she, "looking just for something to read, browse around and then buy at random. But a Collier's reader steps up, slaps down his nickel and walks off with you. No nonsense, no fooling. They know what they want and that you'll give it to them."

MR. EDWARD B. SEMPLINE of Omaha, Nebraska, is not doing right by us. Worse, he is less than fair to our readers, of whom, in spite of everything, he is one. Mr. Sempline assures us that "if I wanted to take time, I could write better stuff than you publish but I won't because I know that you wouldn't print it." If we were as sure of all that as Mr. Sempline is—well, we'd be sure of something.

WE HAVEN'T kept track of the number of requests we have received for some sort of description of the way we work. For example, we are asked how we decide what to do next. Mrs. Lewis B. Wittman of Atlanta, Georgia, wants to know "how you manage to produce so many timely articles on what seems to me to be the spur of the moment." No mystery about that. Being just average citizens ourselves we publish what average citizens are thinking of or should think of. You see, if we weren't editing this magazine we'd be reading it anyway. And probably writing letters to the editor.

SPEAKING, as somebody always is, of unfair practices, Mr. Jere Watling of Kansas City, Kansas, thinks that "the Roosevelt-Democratic administration is rankly unfair to Republicans. What," demands Mr. Watling, "have they left for a good Republican to say to the voters next election when he runs for Congress or something?" And Mr. Watling wants it to be very clearly understood that he is not a candidate for anything. "In fact," he informs us, "I'm not even a Republican."

"YOU must be a very kindly man," says Mr. James B. Eveline of Troy, New York. "You answer so many perplexing questions asked by your readers to which Collier's Clan I have belonged for lo, these many years." To tell the whole truth we're really more than that. Our goal in life is to inspire questions.



"TO MAKE a success of our NRA," writes Mr. A. H. Burg of Lahoma, Oklahoma, "we should forbid the importation of manufactured goods and about all products of agriculture, forests and mines. This is what we common people not only believe but know. Do you need proof?"

YES, Mr. Burg, and plenty of it.

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WEAVING THE WORLD OF SPEECH

DAILY, as upon a magic loom, the world is bound together by telephone. There, in a tapestry of words, is woven the story of many lives and the pattern of countless activities.

In and out of the switchboard move the cords that intertwine the voices of communities and continents. Swiftly, skilfully, the operator picks up the thread of speech and guides it across the miles. Constantly at her finger-tips are your contacts with people near and far. She moves a hand and your voice is carried over high mountains and desert sands, to moving ships, or to lands across the seas. London, Paris, Berlin—Madrid, Rome, Bucharest—Capetown, Manila, Sydney—Lima, Rio Janeiro and Buenos Aires—these and many other cities overseas are brought close to you by telephone.

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IF YOU ARE HAUNTED BY CAFFEIN...

drink Sanka Coffee . . . *and sleep!*

IF YOU'RE one whose nerves are frayed by caffein...if the caffein in coffee keeps you awake—then switch to Sanka Coffee!

For Sanka Coffee is *real* coffee—a glorious blend of the choicest Central and South American crops—with 97% of the caffein removed. All the friendly glow and aroma of fine coffee remains—all that old-time coffee flavor is yours in Sanka Coffee. Only the caffein—the sleeplessness and the jangled nerves have been removed.

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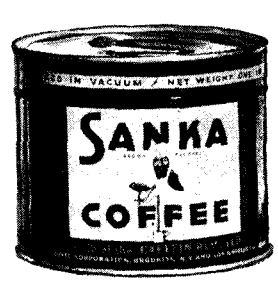
Your grocer sells Sanka Coffee with a satisfaction-or-money-back guarantee. It comes packed in vacuum-sealed cans—as fresh and fragrant as the day it was roasted.

Get a pound of Sanka Coffee today. Drink some tonight...and *sleep.* And here's a tip to hostesses: serve Sanka Coffee when you entertain. It's the coffee *all* your guests can drink. Sanka's *all-purpose* grind makes excellent coffee by any method, including drip. It is a product of General Foods.

Sanka Coffee



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This offer expires July 1, 1934—not good in Canada

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A Passage to Rangoon

By Alan LeMay

Sally Waters burns some love letters: A story which every woman will understand—and every man who understands women

SALLY WATERS' grandmother sat looking more comfortable and more interested than grandmothers are supposed to look; she was watching Sally prepare to burn a two-year accumulation of letters from Paul Randon.

Paul wasn't the only one who had written a lot of letters to Sally—writing to Sally had only made him a member of a brigade—but his were almost the only letters she had kept. Now that she had made up her mind that she was not going to be any part of Paul Randon's life there wasn't any reason to save his letters any longer.

"I suppose," her grandmother said, "Paul's ship will dock any old day now."

"Tuesday, Gran. I looked it up. When a man comes all the way across the Pacific just to make a nuisance of himself—"

"Why, I thought you used to like Paul."

Sally fidgeted. "Of course I like him. He's swell, but—"

"But," said her grandmother, "two years is a heck of a long time for a man to be gone."

Sally relaxed to look at her grandmother despairingly. "Gran, you just can't seem to make up your mind whether you're going to talk like a nice old lady, or a contemporary person, or an old rip."

Her grandmother considered gravely. "I think I'd rather be a nice old lady. Just slightly backslid in spots. Now why do you wish Paul wasn't coming? You're not in love with him. Or are you?"

"Of course I'm not. Not any more. Do you think I'd be marrying Sam Harrison if—" She hesitated.

"Well"—her grandmother took the opportunity to put in—"of course I'm kind of doddering. I realize that. But it does seem kind of rummy."

"What seems kind of rummy?"

A tall fruitwood chest stood beside Sally's bed, and on it was a large, imposing cabinet photograph of a large, imposing young man. Sam Harrison, as the picture showed him, was fair-haired, with muscles in his face, but a placid expression. Sally's grandmother studied it. "What I don't get is this," she complained. "When Sam was on top of the world, one of the most eligible young men on the Pacific Coast—"

THERE wasn't the least hope, Sally recognized, of making her grandmother see why, overnight, she had made what amounted to a headlong capitulation to Sam Harrison. Sally's parents, as it happened, were now in London, which simplified explanations. But her grandmother could be almost as unreasonable. Sally considered herself a very much misunderstood person.

She was tall and unalterably slender,

"It's going to be all right," Paul said at last

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Illustrated by John Gannam

"Gran," Sally said, "do you want me to tell you what it was that made me know that I love Sam instead of Paul?"

with an instinct for the wearing of clothes which made her a couturier's dream—"a first-class dress dummy," Sally put it. Her long, delicate fingers, which no amount of athletics ever hardened, made it impossible to believe that she had a stinging overspin drive that was the delight of tennis partners. In short, Sally was to herself distinctly unsatisfactory.

"Gran—do you want me to tell you exactly what it was that made me know that I love Sam instead of Paul?"

Her grandmother snorted. "Paul Randon was going good until his father sent him chasing around the Orient. Way it looks to me, if Paul had stuck around here it would have been a different horse race."

"Darling," said Sally sweetly, "does that seem to you to be just faintly insulting?"

"It seems to me that women are hell."

Sally chose to ignore this outrage. "It's true," she admitted, "that I didn't know I loved Sam until he went broke. And it's true that Paul kept me from appreciating Sam until then."

HER grandmother's smile looked faintly tired. "I suppose it's kind of hard to distinguish between any two well-bred young men nowadays. I think there's some source of supply where they run them out of a stamp mill."

"I don't care!" Sally felt herself driven into a position of defiance. "I'm glad Sam lost his money. What's ahead of me if I marry Paul Randon? Just one long vista of gown fittings and staircase entrances. You think I'm the type for that because it's the way I look. But I'm not. I tell you, two people should be willing to work together toward something precious—something to belong to both of them together."

"Paul's a good letter writer," her grandmother offered presently. "Runs to quantity, anyway."

"I think," Sally answered saltily, "he copies them out of the Commerce Bulletins." She was still annoyed. "Listen to this: 'At Bangkok I found business activity very quiet. Imports this month will surely run less than one million ticals.' Wouldn't that melt you down in a stupor?"

"'Tis a little bit on the instructive side," her grandmother admitted. "Yet, when he sends you something—there was that necklace made up of a hundred and fifty little elephants, carved in ivory. That is a pretty thing."

"That is very lovely," Sally admitted.

"And other things. Sally, will you do something for me? Just because I'm your old grandmother, who is only slightly backslid, and doesn't have much fun?"

"Of course. You know I will, Gran."

"Put on that kimono he sent you. It's a real sight just to see you turn around in it."

"You just want to make me feel foolish," Sally thought. But she got the kimono out and turned herself about in it for her grandmother.

THE lustrous silk, almost as heavy as stout linen, was in delicately shaded blues, pale and ethereal at the throat, then shading through a hundred tones of turquoise to the deep blue of living midnight at the hem. Down the back was an extraordinary embroidery. At the top it showed mountain tops, birds and clouds; lower there were twisty trees, little houses and bridges, and tiny figures. Below was the sea, and the scene went below the surface of the water to get its best effects. Through a delicate phantasm of under-sea blossoms swam fish the like of which no one had ever seen. That kimono was pure, living glamour, an exotic glamour that might make any girl wonder what she was trading it for.

Even Sally, who was so sure that she knew her own mind, experienced a little tremor across her shoulders at the caress of the heavy silk. Somehow it seemed to bring very close again the man whom she had not seen for two years, and whom she had now determined to forget.

Suddenly she knew that she didn't want to talk about it any more—couldn't talk about it.

"Gran," she said with a falter, "I think I'd like to go to bed."

Her grandmother stood up and kissed Sally on the chin. "Don't you mind your old gran. Infernal interference—that's my slogan. But I believe in you, plenty. I know you'll work everything out all right."

Sally was glad when her grandmother was gone. She was hungry for the reassurance of Sam's steady voice. But Sam was in Seattle; he would be gone for many days. She didn't know how to reach him, could only hope that he would think to phone.

Sally put the kimono where she couldn't see it, put out the apricot-shaded light; then stood at her window looking through the slats of the Venetian blind at the city's lights. She knew that she was going to cry a little; perhaps cry hard.

SALLY heard the bass growlings of Paul's boat as it came into the harbor, but she didn't go down to meet it. Instead she sat in her room, with her slim long legs stretched out, and stubbornly read a book while she waited for the phone to ring. But the phone didn't ring at once. She waited for it until her first fluttery nervousness wore off, and she began to wonder. It still didn't ring, and she began to be annoyed. No call came in from Paul Randon for two whole days.

Then, late in the second day, not the phone but the doorbell rang, most unexpectedly; and when she presently

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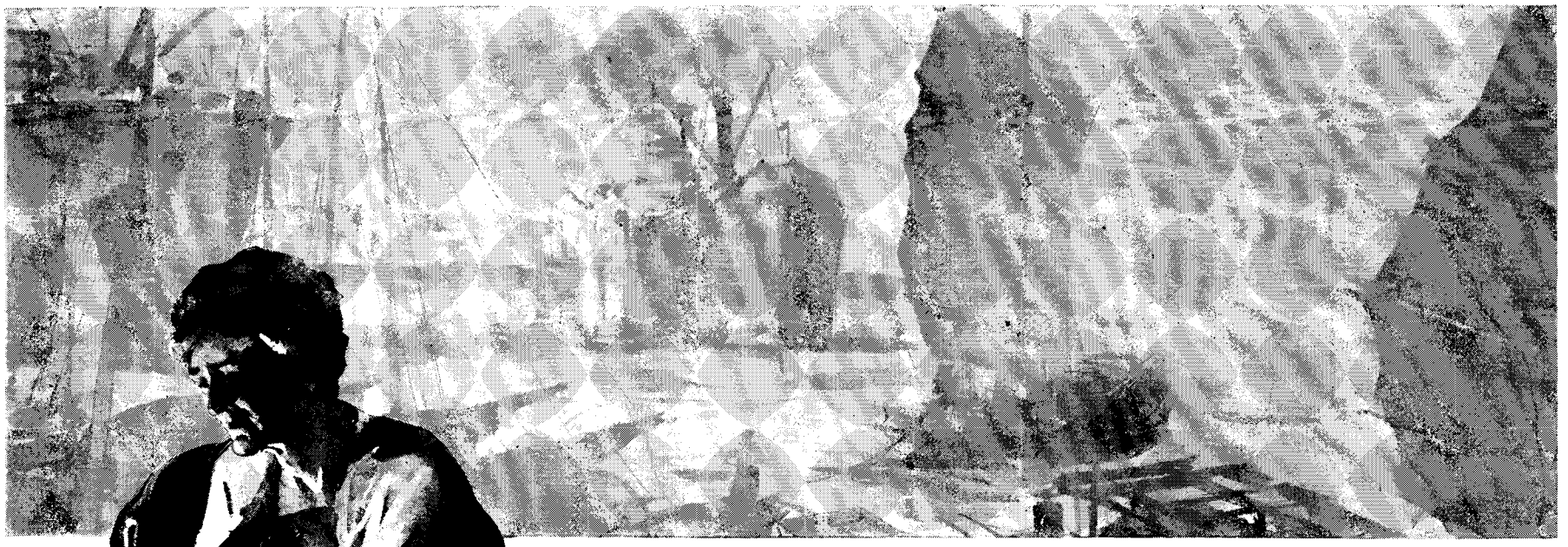

went down the stairs, looking wonderfully groomed for a girl who had practically thrown herself together, Paul was standing there, himself, in person, for the first time in almost two years.

He didn't jump forward and try to take her in his arms, nor burst into a how-I've-missed-you line; he didn't even devour her with his eyes—not noticeably. She walked across to him, holding out both her hands, and he took one of them only.

He said, "Hello, Funnyface."

"Hello, Disagreeable. How was the Chinese race?"

"I came in second. The rest sent their love."

AND Paul Randon was back, without any dramatics or any fuss, but just on the scene again, as if he had never gone away. He was as tall as she had remembered, and he smiled in the same way, but there were certain differences.

He was very deeply tanned, almost as dark as a Filipino; and he was thinner, though he had been sufficiently lean before. Mostly, though, he was the same Paul Randon, with an engaging smile, and no apparent realization that Life was Serious.

He took her out in his car—the same car he had driven two years before, but a good one yet. He insisted that she show him the town, as if he had never seen it until now, and she showed him the waterworks, and the city hall, which she described as a new aquarium, founded to raise grunts and gropers. This led to a tour of the more interesting of the new beer gardens, and they drank beer under a pepper tree in the Mexican quarter. Nothing about it was at all as if he had just crossed the world's greatest ocean to try to make her change her plans.

Only, when he took her home he said, "I don't think I ever saw Sam Harrison. I'd like to know what he looks like, Sally."

"He's in Seattle just now. But I'll show you a picture."

She went upstairs and brought her best photo of Sam—the one that stood on the fruitwood chest. Paul looked at it for a long time. She studied his face while he looked at it. It was a good face, fine drawn and cleanly made; but it wasn't a face she could read just then.

"It's going to be all right," he said at last.

"Approval received and appreciated."

"That's a good man," Paul said, without any expression.

The defiant tone went out of her voice. "Thank you, Paul."

SHE didn't see him again for two days—not until he took her to a dance at the Country Club. Sam was still away.

There was the inevitable stag line, and Sally's inevitable popularity. But after a while Paul seemed to become immune to the necessities of etiquette, and began serenely to turn the cut-ins away with a casual, "No, thanks, old man."

She was surprised to find that at first he danced a little stiffly, as if he had not danced for a long time; but presently he seemed to find the music again, and the smooth prowl that she remembered in his dancing came back. He danced a little differently from the way she remembered—more slowly, substituting accuracy of rhythm for complications of step. She supposed that people danced this way in tropic heat. She and Paul had always danced together sublimely, more effortlessly than she had ever danced with any other man, and presently this came back, too.

But a somber sort of preoccupation seemed to be on him, such as she had never seen in him before. She realized now that he had changed more than she had recognized at first. She thought of the necklace of ivory elephants, and the blue kimono, and wondered if it had really been this poised, quiet man who had picked out for her those lovely things. She thought, "He doesn't talk about beauty. But he sees it, and loves it—or he wouldn't have known what to send."

Suddenly she saw behind Paul Randon many things: Chinese junks lazily plying yellow water, and flocks of strange-looking birds over the rice paddies, and elephants stacking lumber in dusty compounds, and queerly marked bales piled high in the shadow of temples; and a great press of other things that must have, for this man, some meaning to which she had no clue. Whatever that meaning was, it was able to make a man thin, and so quiet as to suggest a weariness that certainly had no other expression in Paul Randon.

She remembered that she had thought this home-coming had been because of her; yet he had tried to see her only twice in four days, and he did not make love to her now. She felt a stir of perfectly unreasonable resentment. She said, "You came home on business, didn't you?"

Paul fended off a cutter-in. "No, thanks, old man; from failing hands we throw the torch—but not yet. . . . No," he said at last, "I didn't come home on business. I came home to see about you."

"In that case, you must be about ready to go back."

He looked at her oddly. "Do you sometimes not read the papers?"

She recognized that as a wise-crack, of course. "Well, I did notice your name in the headlines; but I just thought it was in connection with a murder, or something dull like that."

His smile lacked conviction. "I do have to go back; very soon. There's nothing more for me here; not now, anyway."

"Don't you like your home town any more?"

"Queer about that." He looked around him, as if he were in some odd sort of place to which he could not accustom himself. "You know something? When people keep living around together, and doing the same sort of things, they get to look alike."

"And who've you been living with?"

"I'll confess the truth—I've been living with a gibbon. A very superior sort of little ape. It likes to hang by one hand for hours, revolving slightly, and saying 'woop.' Kind of plaintively. His name is Mukerwhistle."

"Won't he be lonely?"

"I won't be gone long, it seems."

THEY danced silently for a moment; and then she said, "Paul, you shouldn't have come."

"No; I shouldn't have come."

"You see," Sally found herself saying, "I'm a disappointment to you. It's just as you were saying. 'People here get to looking alike—'"

"That was what I'd hoped. That you'd be a disappointment. That I couldn't even tell you from twenty other girls. But the trouble is that you're not like other people—not to me. You—"

"Don't say it!" Sally stopped him. "I know what everyone thinks. Gran's the

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Our Miss Siren

By Frank Leon Smith

This girl was supposed to have wiles. Absurd. Some girls need wiles, but not this one

It was hard enough to concentrate on Dr. Linklater without having Trina Corbin pose so vividly for him

WITH giant stride a tall, hawk-faced young man was approaching Park Avenue. He was wearing his job-hunting suit and while he was old enough to be Wilson Fowler, N. A.—N. A. meaning National Academy and indicating an artist of distinction—he was youthful enough to be bargaining with the fates by agreeing—in return for a break of some kind—to take in his stride each cross line in the asphalt, and to reach the corner before the lights changed.

He was too late. While he waited he was hailed by a ruddy blond fellow who wore a new brown suit, new brown shoes with thick soles, an immaculate straw hat; his gleaming collar drawn taut by a striped cravat and fastened just this side of the garrote stage by a gold pin.

"Hi!" said this fellow, B. Warren Bass. "Harsit, Bill?"

He shoved out his hand. Bill Fowler recoiled. Only a month before a man had rapped at Bill's door, and offered his hand. Bill had taken it. The man had put a lily in Bill's hand—lily meaning summons, subpœna, etc. In this case it had been a dispossess and Bill had landed out in Washington Square with his canvases, easels and what not.

So he recoiled now, both backwards and sideways, and such was the state of his mind that he was about to dart right across Park Avenue—which is a double-barreled boulevard with traffic you couldn't shoot a bullet through.

But Bass smiled and kept his hand groping for Bill's and all of a sudden Bill recognized him. "Bill!" Bass was saying, "old Wilson Fowler in person! Just the man I want to see!" Then Bass asked shrewdly but with every circumstance of warm personal interest, "How's tricks? How's it been going by you?"

"Oh, swell," said Bill lightly. "Nothing to complain about. Long as people with dough want portraits painted—" He left it up in the air like that. Bass leaped for it.

"Just what I told them in the office. What we want for this job is a darned good society painter who can combine good character and likeness with plenty of flash and dash!"

Bill Fowler winced and went along with B. Warren Bass, who was an advertising man. Bass was talking fast and thinking fast. He was thinking that Fowler must now be well up in the money, for he had been doing portraits of big shots for years and was hung in the Metropolitan. So what he was talking about was how rotten business was with him, and he accompanied his talk with moans and groans which Fowler didn't hear because he could see the thick soles on Bass' shoes, the nice new stitching on the welts—little things like that which can be noticed by one whose vision has been sharpened by anxiety.

THEY went to Bass' office on the fifty-eighth floor of a building and Bill Fowler sat in a deep leather chair and listened—or seemed to. The door to an adjoining office was open and Bill could see a red-headed girl, seated back to him, making her typewriter sound like something run by an insane robot.

She wore a low-necked white dress with blue dots on it. He liked the pistol-shotty way she snapped her fingers when her type bars bunched, she was writing so fast; and she had a graceful neck, and she sat erect and away from her chair—and his artist's eye completed her figure and found it a very grand job of sculpture indeed.

"—of course he's been dead fifteen years," Bass was saying.

"Who?"

"Seesy. Old Doctor Seesy. You must know his stuff."

"Well, no."

"It's like this: Seesy's sisters are the sole heirs. Couple of old girls who live up in Salem, Mass. The cash hasn't been coming in as fast as it uster. So they come to us and they're so excited they get rim cuts from their ear-rings. We look the situation over and tell them the diagnosis indicates an operation and a major one, or next year there won't be any business at all."

"Hah," said Wilson Fowler, who was composing the features of the red-

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headed girl to go with the construction of the back of her head.

"There was a time when everybody knew about Dr. Seesy's lotions but not now. New generation has come in. So we decide on a strong newspaper and magazine campaign—every ad to show a big picture of one of the Seesy containers, with the old, familiar profile view of Doc Seesy on the label."

HER eyes, Bill Fowler decided, would be brown, possibly reddish brown—and why not? With a figure like hers, and that back and head of hair, and those legs, she could have plaid eyes, if she wanted.

"Now—what do we find next?"

"Freckles, in all probability—oh, go ahead, Warren."

"We find we need a strong drug-store tie-up. We find we must have a famous physician endorse Dr. Seesy's stuff. But here's the catch—no reputable American doc would endorse junk like Seesy's. And you know that stern and rockbound profile of Seesy's with a lobster-claw nose that spells State of Maine a mile away? Seesy was so thoroughly Yankee it would look funny if we got a European doc to endorse him."

"Of course," said Bill Fowler, deciding that her nose would be reasonably straight, but with character, with perhaps just a slight angle below the bridge.

"So we get smart. We decide to have Doc Seesy endorse his own stuff! Nifty, eh?—or nifty!"

"Nifty!" said Bill, smiling vaguely, and for an instant Bass thought his friend had a very silly look on his face.

"Seesy had his M. D. degree, all O. K. So we'll take that old, sour profile on the labels and just turn him around to face right at you out of the picture. What think you of that?"

"Lovely!" said Bill. "Utterly charming!"

"Silly adjectives, these crazy artists use," Bass thought. He said, "That could be done, couldn't it? What I mean—build up the front view of the head?"

Startled, Bill said, "What? Oh—sure, yes, of course. That is, a man should have as many photographs as possible, and he'd have to know the color of the eyes, and the complexion—if it was sallow, florid, olive—or what."

"Well," said Bass, beaming, "we think Wilson Fowler is just the man for this job! We want a Grade-A portrait we could use for a big life-size cut-out for drug-store display, also for car cards and billboards."

"Well," said Bill, wondering in just what words he was going to say "No!" Broke but prideful, he was still Wilson Fowler, N. A., and where did Bass get off, thinking he'd use his talents for the aggrandizement of a medicine man?

"We'll give you an armful of photos—but we want a bang-up Wilson Fowler job."

"Hey, just a minute!"

"But first—money, money, money! The appropriashe isn't heavy, you know—but maybe, for a name like yours—the company would stand for five hundred. I'll have to ask, of course—"

"Say! I wouldn't sign a job like that!"

Bass hadn't thought of that phase of it, but now he wanted his full sixteen ounces of flesh. He shot a look at Bill, then unexpectedly he called, "Trina!"

The red-headed girl got up and came in. Bill Fowler saw he was right about the nose, but her eyes were blue, and she had the clear, creamy skin that went with her hair; and by Bill's standards—"By anybody's!" he thought—she was pretty. "Pretty? She's *beautiful*—and she doesn't know it!"

HE COULDN'T understand—then—the little look of resentment that went across her face, but he could identify it. It was the look of a child called in from play to speak a piece for visitors. It began with a glance of reproach at Bass, went into distaste, and ended in a smile as her gaze met that of the visitor, and was accompanied by a blush as frank and young as the look itself.

"My assistant—Miss Corbin. Trina—my old friend, Bill Fowler. *The* Wilson Fowler, N. A., and all that sort of thing."

Her eyes lighted as she looked at the keen, dark young man who seemed so young for his honors, and she surprised him by the cordial way she held out her hand and said, "Hello, Mr. Fowler!"

"Trina—will you get out everything we have on old Doc Seesy? We're hoping to persuade Mr. Fowler to do the portrait but—tsk! tsk!—he's proving difficult. Oh—will you folks excuse me just a minute?" He was writing on a memo pad. He passed the pad to the girl and left the office.

Again Bill saw the little resentful look, but somehow he knew it wasn't meant for him. Miss Corbin got out the folders of the late Dr. Seesy's photos—all in profile. They looked at them, their heads close, and all at once Mr. Fowler discovered he liked this girl very much. So much that he was going to trust her. He said, "Look, Miss Corbin—I have the idea you were called in here to kind of talk sense into me about doing the picture, and the price—and signing it."

SHE was so startled she pulled away and looked at him, her lips parted, her face flaming. Then she laughed and he laughed, and in that moment they were friends.

She said, "I thought of you when this job first came up. I know your work very well. I loved that portrait you had in the Spring Academy show—but I thought you were much—er—" she helped out her words by making a funny little gesture at her chin and cheeks to indicate whiskers.

He said, "Look, Miss Corbin—I thought I was going to turn this down—but—not to intrude personal affairs—I'm so busted that the job seems to come to me on the spare wings of an angel. I don't care what they pay me—but I will not sign it!"

She nodded in sympathy, as he explained, "It wouldn't be right by dozens of people who have paid me the full price for a commission portrait if I signed one of this sort."

She said, "I understand perfectly. You just leave everything to me."

"Maybe," said Bill Fowler, "maybe you're the angel who lent her wings to this— Oh, darn it, Miss Corbin—if you say the word I'll do it and I'll sign it!"

She looked at him quickly but saw he was only being frank and sincere. "You'll do nothing of the sort! I'm getting tired of—of a lot of things!" There was that in her manner that made Bill remember what he had heard about red-headed people. Abruptly she snatched up the memo pad and shoved it at him.

Bass had scribbled, "Make him do it—but get him down to three hundred and fifty dollars incl. sig.—he has rep. as grouch—so turn on a thousand volts!"

Embarrassed, Bill said, "Aren't business men funny? Why didn't he say three-fifty if that is what he meant?"

They were laughing when Bass came back. She said, "We're in luck! Mr. Fowler will do—and will sign!"

"Great!" said Bass.

"He'll sign it W. Wilson."

"Oh," said Bass disgustedly, "sort of a nom-de-brush, eh?" He turned to Bill. "That's swell—but this is a rush job—and we—"

"I'll bat it right out for you," said Bill, and he almost stuttered, his heart was pounding so. Why should this charming red-head come to the fore for him when he didn't even know her?

"And for this job—Mr. Fowler has come down to five hundred although his regular prices—"

Bass said gruffly, "Yes, yes, I know. That's all, Miss Corbin." She went without another look at Bill Fowler. Bass lighted a cigarette and threw away the paper match as hard as though it were heavy. He said, "Now, here's an idea of what we want." He showed Bill a picture of a distinguished-appearing doctor in a white operating robe and with a forehead mirror.

"I'll have to use a model for the figure—and I suppose I can rent one of these robes and a mirror somewhere—so as to get the detail accurately—"

MISS CORBIN came in and put a paper on Bass' desk. "Here's an order on Peabody Medical Supply, for a robe and a mirror. It will save Mr. Fowler—"

Bass was irritated. "All right, all right! Now please—we're in conference!" Again Miss Corbin left without looking at Bill Fowler.

Half an hour later, Bill left. As he walked down the hall he kept looking back, hoping Miss Corbin would pop out. As he neared the elevators, she

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"Dr. Seesy's sisters were simply crazy about the portrait. They wanted portraits done of themselves"

Illustrated by Robert O. Reid

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Other People's Money

By John T. Flynn

The Bull is back in Wall Street. He's hardly more than a calf just now, but he's being fed the same diet that produced a monster back in 1929—brokers' loans. He's being fed and fattened on other people's money—your money, if you get right down to it—for the exclusive benefit of the astute gentlemen who, having rigged the scales, are able to guess his weight. Mr. Flynn explains this trick and how it could be stopped

DOWN in Wall Street they're forever blowing bubbles, pretty bubbles in the air, and just now they are busy as pipers trying to get another pretty bubble started. The thing they blow into their mixture is Other People's Money. It's Other People's Money to them. But don't forget that the Other People means *You*. It's your money that goes into the bubble. The merry, romping boys down in the Grand Old Street generally get the insides of the bubble—which is the money—and you generally get the skin.

You are home sleeping sweetly, supposing your money at the bank is out for hire in some good job working for some merchant or manufacturer, making wages and business, when it may be racing around Wall Street on a big bender, leaping from broker to broker and from sucker to sucker, whipping up a dear little boom in some groggy stock.

Have you ever stopped to consider that speculation is the only gambling game that is run on credit? Out at the race track it's cash-and-carry—with very little to carry away, of course. The roulette wheel and the baseball pool are operated on the same basis. But down in Wall Street the game is run with so much down and the rest when they catch you. And they always catch you and catch you quick.

If a friend of yours tried to borrow a hundred dollars to use in a crap game, you'd think he was crazy and you'd think yourself crazier still if you loaned him the hundred. Go into a bank with perfectly good United States bonds and ask the banker to lend you a couple of hundred. He will ask you what use you intend to make of the money. When he asks that, just look at him and say:

"Well, I'm going out tonight to try a few rounds of Seven-Card Pete down the river with the deuces and the one-eyed jacks running wild."

All Cards Wild

You may be a perfect wizard at stud poker, but you won't get the money. But if you want the money to play with down in Wall Street—even though you certainly don't know as much about that game as you do about poker, and though you never get a chance to see what you have in your hand, and not only the deuces and the one-eyed jacks but the whole pack is not merely wild but crazy—you can get all the money you want.

All this is subject to one or two modifications. You probably never will want any money to play in Wall Street. The gentlemen who want it are the people who speculate and the brokers who get it for them. That leaves out about 120,000,000 of us.

If you go out for a game of bridge and fritter away a week's salary on a collection of dumb hands and dumber bids, nobody suffers but you—and your family if you have one. But the suffering is not so intense because you won't do that often. Few of us have enough confidence in our bridge games to risk a week's salary on them. But when you go down to Wall Street, it's a game you know nothing about, not nearly as much as you know about bridge—sour though your game may be.

Moreover, it's not a week's salary but your life's savings you risk. Furthermore, you are playing on credit. And you are playing against thousands of others like yourself most of whom know as little as you and when the game blows up, it is not only you who get hurt, but millions of others who had no hand in the game and didn't even know it was going on. And the worst part of it is that you are playing with the money of these innocent bystanders who get covered with the wreckage.

This money goes into the stock market by means of what are called brokers' loans and these brokers' loans are made out of the funds of banks, corporations and large investing corporations. And these funds, it might be well to add, belong to countless millions of people in the United States who have no interest whatever in the game that goes on in Wall Street.

We had a bitter lesson in this mad game back in 1929. Perhaps you don't remember how that big ball of soap and water got started. Well, it started just about the way another such ball is being started now. Some say the Great Bull Market started in 1921; others in 1923; still others in 1924; others that it wasn't one bull market at all but several. I think it started about August, 1921. Before you can have a bull you must have a calf.

We were pretty low then. The Republicans said things were getting better; the Democrats that they were getting worse. As a matter of fact, on an unnoticed day in August the market started up. The banks had brokers' loans of 686 millions in the stock market. And then they began to pump more into it. In the next twelve months prices went from a level represented by the figure 63 to 103. And brokers' loans doubled. Then for a year a kind of static dullness settled over the Street. And then around November, 1923, life stirred again. Nobody paid much attention to it. People were more interested in the Stillman case and the Ku Klux Klan. But quietly the banks began pumping more money into the New York Stock Exchange and prices started up again.

The Bubble Expands

On the floor of the Stock Exchange is an institution called the Money Desk. About noon each day members of the Exchange begin to gather around this desk. A few of them represent large New York banks with money to lend. The others are looking for credit. Around that time the banks know how much they have to lend and the brokers are beginning to know what accommodations they will need. Over that money desk flow countless millions of dollars. It is by this mechanism

Cartoons by J. N. Darling

The imbecile who thought that all forms of gambling are the same

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that the New York banks have their pipe lines running into the Exchange, with their agents there to manage the spigots.

Of course, brokers' loans are also made by banks directly outside the Exchange, but this is the chief method.

It was, then, in October, 1923, that these spigots were turned on strong. By the end of 1924 brokers' loans had swelled to two billions. We were having two million share days for the first time. There was a minor market break near the end of 1926, but at the beginning of 1927 things were boiling up again. The banks had *five billion* in the market. And in the next year another billion had flowed out of those busy spigots.

By that time some bankers got scared. The Federal Reserve Board got trembly. Stocks had soared from that early 63 mark to 300. Four and five million share days were screamed out from headlines in the newspapers. Conservative men warned that the market was too high. But their warnings were made to look foolish as their prophecies were disputed by the irresistible and glorious flight of events.

The loans were six and a half billion. The New York banks had placed five billion of that. But not all their own money. About 24 per cent of it was made from their own deposits. About 34 per cent was placed by them for the account of banks from all over the country. The remaining 42 per cent was placed by the banks for the account of "Others."

Who were these "Others"? They began to get very prominent about this time. They were big corporations, investment trusts, large financial institutions and some wealthy individuals. Corporations carried huge cash sums in banks—the big ones from twenty to two hundred million dollars. The banks paid them interest on these deposits. The bank could lend a million to a broker and get six per cent interest. It paid the depositor two or maybe three per cent. So these corporations began to lend this money themselves.

On with the Dance

But they did it through the banks. If a corporation had $20,000,000 in a bank, it simply notified the bank to lend $10,000,000 for it in the call money market. The bank then placed the loan but acted purely as the corporation's agent. The corporation got the interest. The bank merely got a small commission. There were about 194 big corporations lending money in this way in that market. And these came to be known as bootleg loans.

The New York banks which were handling most of all this were full of misgiving now but they were helpless. They had conjured up a monster which had got completely out of their control. And so they bogged along, trying to convince themselves everything would be all right.

Now the spigots were turned wide open and the flood of brokers' loans poured into the market. Hoover became President. The nation rushed forward, its feet no longer on the ground. It literally "took off." As a matter of fact, the seeds of disintegration were already ripening. But the mad dance of the wild deuces and the crazy jacks in Wall Street and LaSalle Street and State Street and a score of lesser stock exchanges all over the country completely blinded the country.

The already half-audible rumblings of the approaching quake could not be heard above the moaning and the screaming of the cock-eyed jazz of the stocks. October 1, 1929, these brokers' loans in New York had risen to the enormous total of *eight and a half billion dollars* of the people's money. And this did not include the sums loaned on other exchanges.

Then came the crash.

And this brings us to the port to which we have been sailing. With this picture before your eyes you can watch the show and see what brokers' loans did to us and what they are preparing to do again—what, in fact, they did on a small scale not many weeks ago.

Your banker will tell you that brokers' loans are absolutely just about the safest he can make. That is true, if you think of them as unrelated to other loans. They are mostly demand loans, made right in New York, close to the Exchange. All a bank has to do is to notify a broker before noon any day that the loan is called and it must be paid that day. If it isn't, the stock is dumped precipitately on the Exchange and sold. So if we look at brokers' loans by themselves and at nothing else we can call them safe and liquid. But when trouble comes and all the banks want to call loans on a large scale—then things start popping, as you will see if you will now look at the Great Bull Market as it crumbles to ashes.

The Scramble to Safety

You will remember there were eight and a half billions in brokers' loans out in October, 1929. This was loaned out as follows, in round numbers:

By New York banks $7,000,000,000.

By money brokers $1,500,000,000 (estimated).

These are horrendous figures but they are worth watching as they disappear.

The huge amount loaned by the New York banks included two items—$1,800,000,000 for out-of-town banks and almost four billion for "Others." The moment the news of the great crack of October 23, 1929, was flashed around the country, every little bank that had money in Wall Street yelled for it. And every corporation with money in these brokers' loans was burning the wires calling for it. The private money brokers, representing various non-banking lenders, were doing the same thing. The banks had no control over these loans.

What happened? The banks had to call the loans in the hands of the brokers. The brokers had to call the loans of their customers. A few could make good. But most of them were playing on credit over their heads. They couldn't meet the loans, of course. They couldn't even supply more margin. So stocks were dumped on the market in a wild scramble. The more they were dumped, the lower prices sank. The more they sank, the more loans were called. In a single day over sixteen million shares were sold on the New York Stock Exchange. This frantic rout was the result of lenders calling their money home from the market.

In a few days out-of-town banks called in a billion dollars. The "Others" yanked out a billion and a half. The private money lenders called almost a billion. The New York banks were terrified. For now, with this appalling collapse of stocks all their commercial loans, all their direct security loans, all their investments were threatened.

And so the New York banks increased their own brokers' loans out of their own deposits by half a billion. But it was only a bucket of water upon a flaming city. By the end of November those eight and a half billions in brokers' loans had been reduced to less than four billions. All the banks and all the "Others" who had made these loans had gotten their money back quite safely. But in the process they had squeezed countless billions out of all the values in the security markets.

Blowing Another Bubble

It is true those values were fictitious. They were blown up by pumping these loans into the market. But men had built on them without knowing they were fictitious. Investors had invested in them. Banks and insurance companies and trust companies and institutions had put billions into them. And now as the fictitious values were crushed out, all that was built on them also collapsed. Would it not have been better never to have blown those gaseous values into our securities? How many men—business men, manufacturers and merchants—were ruined by their frantic efforts to save those hopeless security values we will never know. Many pledged their homes, their bonds, their business credit—everything—and then lost.

Of course, these brokers' loans didn't cause the depression. Depressions are produced by other and deeper forces. Always they come because we do

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Brokers' loans have furnished ample material for making bubbles of any convenient size

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Conspiracy

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE dining with a girl at Lanson's, a restaurant favored by the epicures of Paris, Big Mike Pelletiere, American racketeer, is stabbed to death. Before he dies he kills his two assailants: two sleek, smartly garbed South Americans.

Doyle Evans, Assistant Secretary of the American Embassy, witnesses the tragedy. In the darkness (the lights snap out as Big Mike begins to shoot) he finds the girl, leads her out of the place, hails a taxi. The girl—a startlingly beautiful blonde—enters the taxi and drives away as though to escape Evans!

To Degas, a detective whom he has known for years, Evans describes his adventure. "My friend," says Degas, "remember this: *You were not there!*"

Two years pass. Evans, no longer in the diplomatic service, attends a huge charity bazaar on Long Island. The center of attraction is the beautiful Phyllis Benedict, whose strange story the newspapers have been shouting for months. The girl, it seems, had disappeared in New York City when she was five years old. Though the fabulously wealthy Jason Benedict, her father, had spent a fortune on the search, she had never been found. Seventeen years later, one "Minnie Ganston," working—after five years in the office of Johnson Fay, an importer—for Benedict and Company, had attracted Jason Benedict's attention. She—this girl from a farm who had slaved at menial jobs for years—had seemed to him to be almost a replica of his wife, as she had been forty years before. And presently the truth had come out, to the delight of an amazed world: "Minnie Ganston" was the missing Phyllis Benedict! And the girl had, of course, returned to her overjoyed parents.

Evans strolls about the bazaar. He encounters Lucy Carnehan, who (after he had lost everything but his oil land in Oklahoma in 1929) had promptly jilted him. Then he finds himself being introduced to Phyllis Benedict. Their eyes meet; the girl's grow wide with terror. And small wonder. Phyllis Benedict—Evans is certain of it—is the girl who had seen Pelletiere die! But the girl, a superb actress, gives no further indication of fear; and presently, having left the bazaar, she is conversing with her chauffeur. "You been chinning with that Evans guy," the man growls. "Is he on to you? Remember: *we're playing for eighty million dollars!*" "No, he didn't even dream of such a thing," says the girl. "Then," says the man, "he won't have to go for a ride."

II

THE liveried manservant permitted himself the faintest smile of greeting. Encouraged by the friendliness of her eyes, he ventured to speak to her.

"I hope you'll pardon me, Miss Benedict, but I have a ten-year-old niece, and —would you mind?"

From his pocket he produced a small photograph, the kind, Phyllis knew, that sold for ten cents. It was a poor reproduction of a newspaper snapshot, and gossip columnists had estimated that hundreds of thousands of them had been sold in the two months following Phyllis Benedict's restoration to her parents. A pamphlet recounting her life had also sold for a dime, and its sale had been enormous. She had received an average of three hundred letters a day at first, and still required a secretary to sort the crank mail from the ordinary notes.

Therefore, the fact that the footman's niece wanted her picture autographed was not surprising. She must be, she realized, the heroine of feminine America. Everyone not born to great wealth must have daydreamed of the great inheritance that would some day arrive; every young girl must have seen herself as Cinderella. And in the person of Phyllis Benedict was proof that dreams can come true, that the wings of romance may lift up the most humble. If Minnie Ganston suddenly proved to be Phyllis Benedict, why couldn't another girl prove to be someone else? And if that were too remote a possibility, even vicarious romance brightens a drab world.

"Mind? Of course not," said the girl. "I hope sometime you'll bring her to see me, Jackson."

She wrote her name, with the fountain pen the footman gave her, upon the cheap cardboard. The man looked after her as she passed through the wide hall.

There was a real *lady* for you. No airs, no swelled head. Took the trouble to sign her name for a little girl she'd never seen. Well, she'd been through the mill, and a tough experience made people nicer sometimes. A moment later he was proudly displaying the photograph in the servants' hall. A chambermaid shook her head with wondering admiration.

"I didn't think you'd have the nerve to ask her, Jackson," she said.

"Aw, you don't have to be nervous when you're dealing with real class," said the footman. "Mamie sure will be proud of this." He put the photograph tenderly in an inside pocket. "Asked me to bring the kid to see her, too," he boasted.

"She's wonderful," sighed the maid.

THERE was a murmur of assent from the rest of the servants; if no man can be a hero to his valet, it is nevertheless possible for a woman to be a heroine to her maid.

And while approbation arose like incense from below stairs, something akin to adoration greeted the girl as she passed through a doorway out upon a glass-enclosed porch. There on a chaise longue, catching the rays of the declining sun, lay Mrs. Benedict. White of hair now, it was not too difficult to visualize it as ash-blond once. And the black eyes, saddened by sorrow, were copies of the glowing eyes of the girl who now bent over her.

"Dear," murmured the mother.

"Darling," said the girl. She kissed the lips lifted to her, and squeezed the frail shoulders of the older woman. Something of her own vitality seemed to invigorate the mother. Sadness left the great black eyes and happiness, deepest content, appeared in them.

"Even with the windows closed, Mother, you mustn't let the afternoon chill get at you." She fussed prettily with a shawl, with pillows, with the lightest of blankets. Like coals responding to the touch of fire, the elder woman glowed.

"You spoil me, dear," she said.

"Spoil you, eh?" The girl's gayety spoke of a vitality not usually associated with her pale coloring, a warm strength that matched her eyes more than her hair or the delicacy of her

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skin. "Now, that, my precious, is the silliest thing you ever said. Spoil *you?* And what do you think will happen to me, with my own motor car, my own speed boat, my pearls, my—my *everything* that you and Father have given me?"

Mrs. Benedict smiled.

"IT WOULD be rather extraordinary if our daughter didn't have those things, wouldn't it?"

"Your daughter went without them for twenty-two years," smiled the girl. "I'm afraid too much will be bad for her."

The mother shook her head.

"Nothing could change you, dearest. And as for the toys you speak of—well, how was the first appearance?"

"The first appearance, Mother mine," replied the girl, "was a complete success."

"And you weren't nervous? My child, you're *sure* it wasn't too exciting, too much of a strain on your nerves? You look—just the least bit flushed to me. Don't you want to lie down?"

The girl patted the almost translucent hand of her mother.

"Pleasant excitement, happy excitement, never does harm," she said. "Nervous? Well, imagine for yourself. Poor little Minnie Ganston, to whom a trip to Coney was a wild event, suddenly finding herself the—the cynosure—is that it?—of all eyes. But it didn't make me frightened. I—I enjoyed it, Mother."

"But you aren't Minnie Ganston, my dear," protested Mrs. Benedict. "You are Phyllis Benedict, my own daughter, and—"

"Of course, my lamb," said the girl. "But I can't forget that for all those years I was Minnie Ganston, and for a good many years to come I'll look at things through Minnie's eyes. Why, I wouldn't want it any other way. Suppose, my precious mother, that I'd been used to you, and Father, and—everything—all my life? It would be sweet and delightful, but it wouldn't be *exciting* any longer, would it? It couldn't be. I mean, how could I get all worked up over a car if I'd had half a dozen before? But this way—it's thrilling. I can't explain to you. To have looked in a shop window, perhaps, and seen a frock, or a string of pearls, never dreaming—and now to have them!"

"You sound almost as though you don't mind those years away from us," said her mother.

The daughter shook her head with emphasis.

"I don't mean to sound like that."

"I should hope not. Those miserable years—"

Again Phyllis shook her head.

"FOR you, Mother dear, but not for me. Remember, I didn't know what I had lost. You did. But I—I was just Minnie Ganston and—oh, quite happy. I wasn't abused, Mother. Mamma Ganston and Papa Ganston—you mustn't mind if I call them by those names still—were good to me. They had little money but—they loved me, Mother."

"I'm sure of that. Who could fail to? And I see what you mean. The unexpected, unhoped-for pleasures take on added zest when at last they come. And you weren't frightened?"

"Minnie Ganston had an occasional hard row to hoe, Mother," smiled the girl. "She learned to take care of herself. No, I thoroughly enjoyed every minute. And everyone was so lovely to me. You'd think, the way people behave, I'd done something admirable, something heroic, by being stolen away from my parents. I don't mean that people stare at me as if I were a freak—but, they do stare. But their stares are so kindly, so—friendly. Oh, Mother, it's hard to explain. The girls my own age—they couldn't be sweeter. And the men—"

Forty years ago Polly Chase had been the greatest belle of her day. There was the faintest touch of complacency in the smile that curled her thin lips.

"The men, of course. The Chase women have always been admired. Was there—any particular one?"

"Now, you're not planning, so soon, to get rid of me," protested the girl.

The mother gripped the daughter's hand tightly.

"I've been so afraid—I've not mentioned it before—but there might have been some young man in your life. You might have fallen in love, Phyllis. A girl as beautiful as you—"

"Well, I didn't, Mother. I don't know why. But I didn't care particularly for the men I happened to meet. I just didn't. Probably I was waiting for Prince Charming."

"And did you see him today?"

The girl laughed.

"No, indeed. And the men—they seemed a trifle afraid of me. Oh, they were courteous and kind, but—well, diffident. I—I'm a bit of a public character, you know. I suppose I always will be. But men will get over that, I trust. Only one man asked to call. Doyle Evans. Know him?"

Mrs. Benedict nodded.

"I haven't seen him for years. But I knew his father and mother. The Evans men all had charm. His mother was a Tunstall. Quite a beauty. Died when he was a child. And he's calling?"

"Tomorrow. And that's all the conversation you're to have today, Mother. Your daughter has made her first public appearance—in a way it was my début, wasn't it? I survived the experience. I *liked* it. And from now on you're to regard me as a perfectly normal girl, and you aren't to worry about anything. And you're to permit me to help you upstairs."

But Jason Benedict came out upon the porch now.

"Too bad you didn't feel able to come with us, Polly," he said. "Your daughter was a sensation. May I help you?"

HE HALF lifted her from the chair and they began a slow progress into the house.

"Run along, Phyllis," he said. "I'll take care of your mother. It takes girls your age hours to dress for dinner."

Phyllis blew him a kiss and raced upstairs. The mother whispered to the father:

"People were—were—"

"Good God, Polly," said Benedict, "how do you expect people to act? She's our daughter. That she had a hellish experience in no way reflects upon her. People are wonderful to her. She will be the sensation of the next few seasons. She's very nearly as lovely as you were when we were married. Of course, she can't touch you now, but when she's your age she'll give you a battle for looks, Polly. Now, then, easy on these stairs, my dear."

"She mentioned Doyle Evans to me," said Mrs. Benedict.

Her husband chuckled.

"She'll mention many young men in the days to come," he prophesied. "Men are going mad about her."

"And isn't it wonderful that—well, she might have fancied herself in love with—with someone that—well, didn't quite fit into the present scheme."

"But she didn't. And any man she cared for would fit in anywhere, Polly."

"Of course," she hastily agreed. Nevertheless, she was glad that Minnie Ganston had had no romantic episodes to annoy Phyllis Benedict. So, though she wasn't quite aware of it, was Phyllis. She dismissed the maid waiting in her room, telling her to draw the bath

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"You believe me, don't you?" she asked carelessly. Something outside of himself warned Evans. For some reason he didn't believe her

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

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The Prince of Wales Sees Red

By T. R. Ybarra

The Prince of Wales, to quote a conservative peer of the realm, day by day is getting commoner and commoner. There are even those who consider him a dangerous radical. But that doesn't bother the prince. Unperturbed, he continues to fraternize with his unennobled subjects and to defend their interests—hotly and sometimes profanely

He's deadly serious about it, is Wales, England's democratic prince, as he goes about visiting the tin mines of Cornwall and chats with the unemployed, with a view to improving their unhappy lot

Keystone

© The Times Acme Photo

No cheers, no flags, no bodyguards as the heir to Britain's far-flung empire joins the gallery at the British open

Globe

THAT strange personage, to be found only at formal British banquets, the official with the big red ribbon hung around his neck, whose job it is to introduce British speakers before they embark upon their orations, draws himself up to his full height behind the chairman's chair, flashes a severe eye on the assembled banqueters, and majestically intones:

"Gentlemen, pray, silence—"

Glasses are set down, spoons cease tinkling against coffee cups, conversation stops abruptly along the whole length and breadth of the great banqueting-room in London's famous Guildhall; along the whole length of the tables at which are seated scores of Britons of prominence and substance—captains of industry, heads of powerful business firms, possessors of lordly titles and the lordly estates appertaining thereto.

"Gentlemen, pray, silence for the Prince of Wales!"

All rise to their feet. In loyal unison all acclaim the heir to the British throne. When they have sat down again, a slim man with light hair, still boyishly young in spite of the fact that he is entering upon middle age, begins to speak.

All settle themselves comfortably in their chairs. All assume, as a matter of course, that they are about to hear one of those typical speeches made to a gathering of Englishmen by a scion of England's royal family—a speech worthy but innocuous, replete with patriotism and high morality, avoiding controversial realities as a burned cat avoids a shovelful of live coals—a speech such as has resounded and been loyally applauded for generation after generation, within the walls of the Guildhall.

Instead, they listen to this:

"There are a great many slum dwellings in this country that are more than a century old. . . . *They are relics of a bygone idea of what was tolerable for workmen.* That type of home must be demolished. Attempts to recondition them have been futile. They are not and must not be considered fit homes for the coming generation. I personally inspected many of such places and *I have been appalled that such conditions can exist in a civilized country such as ours.*"

Loyal cheers. Nods of approval. And yet—here and there among the listeners—stirs of uneasiness, slight frowns. After all, why bring up such horrid matters at a Guildhall banquet? The Prince of Wales should remember that some of the magnates present are owners of slum property—that British earls and dukes own slums—that the British Crown itself derives part of its revenues from the rentals of slum dwellings.

When the Landlords Squirmed

He should bear in mind that slum dwellers are difficult persons to help; that they probably wouldn't like to live in better homes; and that, besides, to spend a lot of money in these hard times on tearing down perfectly serviceable old houses and erecting expensive new ones—

Warming up to his subject, with a spot of color in his cheeks, the Prince of Wales goes on:

"Overcrowding, associated with slum conditions, continues to exist up and down this country. There are 98,000 families, of five or more persons, living in two rooms or less. There are 23,000 dwellings, of three rooms or less, occupied by two or more families, and of four or five rooms occupied by three or more families. . . .

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Spilled Perfume

By William MacHarg

Detective O'Malley at it again. This time, as usual, the clues are slight. But killers are so careless!

"NOW we got a hotel murder," said O'Malley. "These are some people named Mr. and Mrs. Wester, of Philadelphia, and they come to the hotel. So a bellhop showed them to Room 1215. Then the next morning the maid come to do up the room and she knocked and got no answer; so then she went in. The guy was on the bed with his head knocked in."

"Where was his wife?" I asked.

"They don't know what become of his wife. The last they seen of her was the afternoon before when she went out to do some shopping."

"Is that all they know about it?"

"I don't know yet what they know. Here's the hotel."

It was a big hotel. Everything was going on as though nothing had happened. We found two plain-clothes men in the hotel office.

"You boys know anything about this case?" O'Malley asked them.

"Sure. We got wires from Philadelphia. This Wester had a grocery in Philly. Well, he wanted to get married, so he advertised for a wife, and a woman answered. So he used to go week-ends to see her in Atlantic City. But she didn't want to live in Philly after they got married, so he sold his store for fourteen thousand dollars. Yesterday morning he wired his friends that they got married. This was his wedding trip."

"He didn't get a very long one. Did he have the dough on him when he come here?"

"We don't know about the dough. What we got to do now is find his wife."

"What do you know about the lady?"

"Nothing. None of his friends had ever met her."

"What does she look like?"

"The hotel says she wasn't very big and had black hair. That's all they know."

"You boys got a life job if you're going to try to find her with no more than that. There's five hundred thousand dames in this town that answer that description."

They had a photograph of the man as he had been found. He had no coat or vest on. He was a big man with sandy, straight-up hair.

"Well," O'Malley said, "we won't find out anything but we got to go look at the room."

AN ASSISTANT manager of the hotel went up with us. A floor-clerk at a desk faced us when we got out of the elevator. All the odd-numbered rooms were to the right of the clerk's desk and the even ones to the left. There was a uniformed officer in Room 1215. A man's suitcase was open and some of his things were on a dresser. His coat and vest were hanging in a closet.

"How was this?" O'Malley asked the officer.

"The medical office thinks the bird was asleep when he got knocked off. They think what done it was a hammer. They didn't find no hammer. He was all right just before his wife went out to do her shopping because this room called for cracked ice and a bellhop brought it up and the wife said don't make any noise because her husband was asleep. The bellhop seen him and he was just asleep; he wasn't dead. The wife went out only a couple of minutes later. The door was locked and the room key was on the dresser. The door locks itself when it gets shut."

"What do you think of it, O'Malley?" I inquired.

"I got no idea."

"My idea," said the cop, "is that his wife knocked him off."

"Yeah?" said O'Malley. "Where's this lady's baggage? She didn't go on a wedding trip without no baggage?"

I was surprised. I hadn't noticed before that there was no evidence of a woman's occupancy in the room.

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

We went in. The woman was swiftly packing a small brown suitcase

"She had a small brown suitcase," the manager informed us. "We don't know what became of it. She didn't take it with her and it wasn't carried out by anyone else or we should have a record of it. There's a floor-clerk on every floor who makes note of everything carried out of the rooms, or if it is taken down the service elevator or service stairs the porter has a record of it. It wasn't here when the murdered man was found."

"Did this dead guy ask for any particular room in the hotel?"

"Not that, exactly. He asked for a room on the east side of the house on the eleventh or twelfth floor."

"You don't think," I remarked derisively, "that he asked for this particular room in order to be murdered in it?"

"He might."

There was a sweet and pungent aroma in the room.

"This lady used strong perfume," O'Malley observed. "I guess she spilled some of it."

He went and smelled of a stained spot on the dresser cover. I smelled it too. The scent was distinctive and I didn't remember meeting it before.

O'Malley cut the stained spot out of the dresser cover and put it in an envelope.

"Well, we ain't found much here," he decided.

THEN we went back to the hotel office because O'Malley wanted to find out who had checked out of the hotel. There were quite a lot of them. O'Malley crossed off a number of the names. The manager knew some of the others as frequent guests of the hotel and O'Malley crossed those off too.

"You got a record which of these folks had trunks?" They had; and O'Malley marked them off too. There were three names left.

"I don't suppose you keep what comes out of the wastebaskets in these rooms?" he questioned.

"We do until we are sure the guest has not thrown anything away which he will ask for afterward."

A clerk brought some big envelopes. They were dated and marked with room numbers. There was no writing in them or anything that seemed to me to have importance. In the envelope marked 1231 there was the paper cover of a packet of matches with a telephone number written on it.

"What kind of a guy was in Room 1231?" O'Malley asked.

They remembered him as a big man with blond hair, well dressed. He had been in the hotel a couple of days and had checked out the afternoon before, more than twelve hours before the discovery of the murder. His baggage had been a big suitcase.

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"There he is, sitting about three hundred yards down the road," he told the western woman

Wallace Morgan

Magic Waters

By W. A. S. Douglas

In which Phelim O'Rourke, the beggarman, meets two lovers in distress. What a man, Mr. O'Rourke, with that glib tongue of his—and that grand old Irish heart!

MR. PHELIM O'ROURKE, the most successful beggarman in all Ireland, was tramping the breadth of the country on a summer day, with his old head full of fine schemes. His road was taking him from Derrycorib in the County Mayo to Rosstrevor in the County Down, and he saw gold ahead of him. For he had heard a strange love story concerning a man friend of his, and also a beautiful tale of the fairies. This last was all about a ghost river that runs bright as silver and only in the moonlight, the waters of which are the tears of the wee folks at a time when they were all broken-hearted over a terrible tragedy.

Mr. O'Rourke, as was his regular routine, had been spending the late spring and summer eating and drinking in the kitchens of the great families of Connaught. In summer and up to the time the leaves fell he was in the habit of taking drink and money out of the Ulstermen. They're hardly as soft-hearted in the North as in the other three kingdoms, but when the weather's warm and cash is coming in they're not hard work for a smart beggarman. With the first touch of the frost he would be off to Leinster, where if you don't get as much big money at one time as you would in Ulster, nevertheless nobody will refuse you. He would winter himself on a brother in Munster, a decent, hardworking farmer who had a deep respect for Phelim because he was smart enough to lead such a fine, joyful, lazy life.

Mr. O'Rourke pursued the broad, dusty road with a curse for the automobiles that went flying past him and a benediction for the little donkeys that walked along with loads of turf on their backs. He was an old-fashioned man, very much against the machine age. He carried a stout blackthorn stick in his hand to aid him in his dander, for the years were climbing up on him. His other pair of boots and some bread and meat were in a sack slung over one shoulder. He needed nothing more in this kind of weather except as much whisky as he could get hands on. Irish grass is green, and the Irish ground is soft, and no better sleeping place has ever been afforded. Mr. O'Rourke's objective was the southern part of County Down, where the mountains of Mourne roll down to the sea. As he tramped along he prepared his strategy.

IT WAS in the kitchen of the O'Cahans that Mr. O'Rourke got hold of the love story. The family has a castle that is tumbling to pieces about five miles from Derrycorib, and he was in there eating and drinking with the servants on this particular afternoon. You'll hear more blather in the kitchens of Ireland than in any other public meeting place over all the world. The O'Cahan was a man of forty or thereabouts, very busy drinking up what was left of the property. He had two sisters, around ten years younger than himself, that in the wartime had been acclaimed not only in Ireland but in England, Scotland and Wales as the most beautiful things that a man's eyes were ever laid on.

Nora, the elder sister, had married herself very ambitious to an Italian nobleman, and lived in a palace in Rome, seemingly getting along fine with Mr. Mussolini. Martha, the younger girl, was a single woman, and lived with her brother, devoting her life to an effort to have him be conservative about his drinking. "And still so beautiful that you stand off and look at her in wonder and devotion," Bridget Cullen, the old cook, was saying while Mr. O'Rourke was obligingly pulling the cork out of her fourth bottle of stout. "Far softer and kinder she is than Miss Nora. I'm of the opinion she has a deep sorrow on her."

"I know she has," says one of the housemaids, a girl by the name of Mary, and from Donegal, where they breed the most inquisitive people in Ireland.

"Well, you'll tell us," said Mr. O'Rourke, who never let a thing get by him.

You could see that the girl had the grace to be ashamed of the fashion in which she had acquired her knowledge, for she hemmed and hawed a bit; but when the rest of the people seemed to be intent only on the love story, and not concerned with how the information was gathered, she went ahead.

"I'VE been reading her diaries," said the girl at last. "She don't keep any now, but it seems she was forever writing down her feelings when she was a very young girl. They're all locked up in a cupboard, but she leaves the keys for anybody to touch. The stuff that tells round the end of the war, after she and her sister came to be presented at Dublin Castle, makes the finest reading."

"All about loving, and the joy of it?" asked Mr. O'Rourke, pouring himself a glass of good Galway whisky.

"All about not being loved, and the misery of it," answered the Donegal girl. "Did any of you ever hear tell of a man by the name of Angus McFerran?"

"Och, I mind him well," said Bridget the cook. "A nice boy that got blinded in the war. He was to marry Miss

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Nora, but the engagement was broke off some way or another, and she went slap into a wedding with that Italian. I don't think she treated the captain at all well."

"Did you say McFerran?" asked Mr. O'Rourke. "Do you mean a fine man with half a face on him, that lives in a wee house on the Dundalk road near Rosstrevor?"

"Was there a war hospital near Rosstrevor?" the Donegal girl asked him.

"There was," said Mr. O'Rourke.

"Well, then, that'll be the man," she answered him. "There's a few lines in there in the diary for 1920 that says: 'Angus came down from the hospital in Rosstrevor. Nora won't be home from the ball at Bellavery till tomorrow night. Oh, the poor man, I'm praying she'll be kind to him—'"

"That brings it all back to me," said the cook. "The young man was as handsome a fellow as you ever laid an eye on. But in the last few days of that terrible war he got blinded and most of his face taken away. Him that hunted and fished and danced better than the best of them was a helpless fellow with all his good looks just mashed out of him. And the worst of it was that he didn't know the terrible thing that he had got to be till the master up and told him that night. I had served them whisky myself where they were sitting in the billiard room, and the captain says to The O'Cahan, 'Brian, they wouldn't tell me much at the hospital but does my face look anyway bad?'

"Mr. Brian had the drink in him, and when it's there he says his mind, whether it's to hurt you or to heal you.

"'Angus,' he told him, 'you haven't any face.' The captain just gripped his chair hard and I heard no more, for I left them. And the next morning he was gone from the castle with a word for nobody. And we haven't seen him since."

"I have," said Mr. O'Rourke.

THE Donegal girl, who had been left out of the conversation too long to suit her vanity, broke in with some more of the results of her snooping. "Miss Martha told of all that in the diary," she said—"of how Miss Nora came back that next night and didn't seem to care a wee bit that the man had gone, and when her brother told her about his going around with half a face on him, and expecting to marry the prettiest woman in County Mayo, she was just what her sister wrote down—cruel."

"And where did Miss Martha's knowledge of the misery and sorrow of love come in?" asked Mr. O'Rourke, who was a very thorough man.

"She set it right down there in pen and ink," said the Donegal girl. "I have it by heart: 'Nora seems glad to be rid of Angus,' she wrote in the book for that period of time, 'and I who have loved him always, and love him more now that he's a hurt and broken man, cannot go to him and tell him so.'"

"Och, that's the heart-tearing stuff," sighed Bridget the cook. And then everybody had dinner—just as fine a meal as they were serving to the quality upstairs—and Mr. O'Rourke said goodby to his friends.

On the road to Ballina, the very next afternoon, whom did he run into but Father O'Farrell, a man eighty years old and very deeply interested in Irish fairy stories. In fact, he had gathered a book of them. He would always talk to the beggarman, for he was an intelligent listener.

"Phelim," said the priest, "I ran into a very pretty new story about a river that runs in the County Down, composed entirely of the wee folks' tears. I'd like to tell it to you. I hope you're going easy on the drink."

"I am that, Father," said Mr. O'Rourke, "and I'll enjoy the story the same as I enjoy all your fine bits of stories."

And with that the two old fellows, the man of God and the wanderer, sat themselves down by the roadside in the afternoon sun.

"There's a Power behind all this, Father," said the beggarman when His Reverence had finished, "and I'm heading right now for that part of the world where there's heart-healing to be done."

And so Mr. O'Rourke went on his way with another caution from the priest to be easy on the drink. I'm not telling you the fairy story right now, for I have to give it to you as the beggarman gave it to the blind soldier when he found him at the foot of the mountains of Mourne.

The old beggarman tramped on through the breadth of Sligo, Leitrim Fermanagh and Monaghan until he came at long last to the County Down and the Dundalk road, which by rights is part and parcel of the fine, broad highway to Dublin. It was a bright, warm morning and all seemed well in Ireland. The blue mountains of Mourne were behind him, the grass was as green as you'd find in an English park—where money is spent to make it so—and the sniff of the salt was in his nostrils, for to his right was the blue water of Carlingford Lough, and the Irish Sea. And, as he had expected, he found the blind soldier, Angus McFerran, sitting in the sunshine, with his stick between his knees, all by his lone.

"So Angus is still thinking long about Nora?" said the fine, red-haired lady

"IT'S grand weather, and you're looking fine, Captain McFerran," said Mr. O'Rourke. "Can I have the honor of sitting by you awhile?"

"Who is it?" asked the blind man, with a turn of his poor, scarred face. "Och, what's the use of my asking?" he continued. "Blather of that sort only comes from Phelim O'Rourke. Sit you down, Phelim, and give me a shilling's worth of your blarney. I'm sore in need of it."

"And why, Your Honor?" replied the beggarman, lying down by the road. "You have health, despite your afflictions. There's no fear of your going hungry as there is with me. You have a fine piece of property. You're a bit lonely, as I well know, but just that modest you have the opinion there's no woman would be glad to be Mrs. McFerran."

"What woman would have a wreck like me, Phelim?" answered the soldier. "Me with but half a face, a blind man. There was a time, I'll admit to you, when I could have had the choice of the kingdom. And I picked myself the finest woman—"

"And why haven't you got her now?" interrupted Mr. O'Rourke.

"Because, as I told you, no woman with pride in her would be tied to a useless, ugly thing like me."

"In the first place, if the woman really and truly loved you, the bit of a knocking around you have had wouldn't mean any difference," said the beggarman. "In the second place, who told you you were a useless, ugly thing? You're a fine figure of a man, carrying honorable wounds, you're able to support a woman, and there's nothing fearsome about you no matter who told you. How do you know the way this woman felt about you? Did you put the matter up to her?"

"I DID not," replied the captain. "When I came out of the war hospital I was such a wreck that I couldn't inflict myself upon her. So I just upped and went away before she even got a look at me."

"That's a strange, cowardly statement to come from a man like yourself," said the old conniver. "Now, me, I know nothing of this or any other thing about your woman. But will you let me tell you a fairy story that I heard from a fine old priest that has a direct bearing on your case? And there's a cure for your ills in it."

"You're going to give me half a crown's worth of nonsense instead of a shilling's worth," answered the blind man, "but go ahead—I'm lonely and weary, and you may lighten me a bit in my sorrows."

And so Phelim O'Rourke, lying on the grass at the feet of the sorely injured soldier, told him the story of the tears of the fairies, or, as you would put it in the Irish tongue, "Deora na Sidhe."

Deora na Sidhe (said the beggarman) is the name of a wee burn away up in these Mourne mountains behind you, that goes into action only in the full moon. It trickles into the Mearne River,

(Continued on page 28)

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Movie Set-Up

By Betty Thornley Stuart

The movie star has a rival. She may sink onto her couch in her most alluring manner, only to find all the fan mail is for the couch. Or maybe a clock or a chair or a whole room makes off with the honors. For they're doing things in a decorating way out in Hollywood. Here's the story

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

One of the smartest bars of the season and one of the simplest, in When Ladies Meet. Note the old-time pump

RKO Radio Pictures

Here's a treatment to think about for your windows, from Double Harness. And above is Jean Harlow's bedroom in Dinner at Eight, showing what can be done in shades of white

LET'S say you're seeing Dinner at Eight. Jean Harlow is sitting up in bed in the first scene, eating chocolates and talking to her maid. You learn that she wants to go to a certain socially important dinner, but her husband doesn't. You also find out that she has a lover. Later, you see Billie Burke, who's giving the affair and inviting Jean for political reasons. You follow these careers and several others till the dining-room door closes on the party, so much having happened in the way of battle, murder and sudden death in the meantime that you're breathless. You go home thinking you've had your money's worth and a bit over. Yet, if you're the average member of the average audience, you haven't even begun to collect on your share of what Hollywood intended you to have.

Take the first set. If you were observant enough to get by Jean's hair to the headboard of her white bed, the white wall behind it, the white rug underfoot, the rest of the white paraphernalia of superluxury, you know as much as Mrs. Millions about how to use white.

"White," says Hobart Erwin, late of Fifty-seventh Street, New York, now doing sets for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, "will be the most important color in decoration this year. Most people think it looks cold—like a hospital ward or a monk's cell—but that's because they've never thought in *shades of white*, as I did in doing Jean Harlow's bedroom. There are ten shades of white in that set—flesh-white chiffon for the glass curtains, oyster-white satin for the overcurtains, lacquer-white ornamented in dead chalk-white in the wardrobe, cream-white velvet on the walls, translucent alabaster-white in the pilasters, milk-white for the chenille rug, metallic-white and warm-white on the chaise longue, ivory-white in the taffeta bedspread with the monogram.

When Jean herself first saw the set she did what Hollywood calls a "takem." She came on for rehearsal, her hair blown from driving her own car, her costume a white blouse and blue jersey slacks—completely the outdoor girl. But the minute she saw the exotic ensemble, she summed up her sentiments in a plaintive, "Why can't people's houses be as really swell as this?"

But suppose we don't like modernism, and white in great quantities sounds like too much upkeep? Then we store away Jean's set as something to know about and talk about, but we look much more carefully at the living-room of the party-giving lady in the same show. Billie Burke is playing an astute social climber, and we can be sure her apartment is as correct as her clothes. Yet there isn't anything in it that would cost prohibitively to copy or maintain. The walls are hung in off-white moire, caught with buttons at the cornice line and draped back to show shelves containing seashells. The mantel is topped with mirrored panels on which hangs a sunburst clock. The furniture is such as we might buy ourselves almost anywhere, redeemed from the commonplace by its clever upholstery. Billie—who knows a lot about decoration off stage—was charmed with her living-room. She also said her kitchen in the same play was "immensely becoming."

Rooms with Character

Perhaps your particular problem isn't an apartment but a house in the country. In that case, you're commended to Connie Bennett's in Our Betters and Alice Brady's in When Ladies Meet for two totally different slants.

Mr. Erwin did the first, and he calls it "a smart commentary on the eighteenth century," with its painted Heppelwhite and Sheraton, its air of sophisticated juggling with what the older decorators handled in the stiff museum manner. Connie, thinking herself into it as Lady Grayston, said, "Really the character is complete. Too bad more houses aren't as right for their owners as this."

Alice Brady's setting is as sharp a contrast as can be imagined, done by Edwin Willis, also of M-G-M. Here is a made-over barn that was virtually a member of the cast, so much attention did it create as it moved across the continent. People liked the curtains, the lampshades, the bar, the whole feeling of a doll's ménage up to date. And, by the hundreds, they wanted to know where they could get such items themselves.

Mr. Willis' bundles of fan mail aren't

(Continued on page 36)

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Ickes—and no Fooling

By Ray Tucker

Photographs by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer

After twenty years of obscure and glorious defeat, Mr. Ickes steps into the limelight of the New Deal—playing trumps

FOR almost twenty years Harold L. Ickes sat hunched up in a small, dusty law office and brooded over the shame of Chicago and the country. Although his thin, sandy tuft of hair had fluttered like a Navarre plume through the thick of every Progressive uprising during this turbulent period, he was almost always on the side that had a noble headache after Election Day. Getting licked locally and nationally got to be a pleasant habit with him. Even at college he lost so many fraternity scraps that rival brothers used to plan on getting an appetite for breakfast by beating him in a campus contest.

After going down with Theodore Roosevelt in 1912, Charles Evans Hughes in 1916, James M. Cox and Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1920, Hiram Johnson in 1924 and Alfred E. Smith in 1928, he had no close contestant for the honor of being the "forgotten man" of American politics.

The last decade was particularly heartbreaking. Though he battled Sam Insull when a man who opposed Chicago's most distinguished citizen was "on the spot" socially, legally and politically, the latter kept on making mayors and senators, building grand opera houses and establishing a vast public utility empire. Though he dived into every reform movement since 1897, when he was only a college student, the Thompson machine still controlled Chicago, and Al Capone was a motion-picture hero. At Washington three Republican administrations were trampling on the foreign and domestic policies of his political saint, Theodore Roosevelt, and an indifferent populace took it and liked it.

A One-Man Crusade

His single-handed, quadrennial attempt to revive the Progressive party or spirit were bum jokes, and in 1932 his closest pal, Hiram Johnson, turned down his plea that he enter the presidential primary against Herbert Hoover. Dejectedly he trudged back to his lonely watchtower in Chicago, and to his safe-and-sane hobbies of cultivating dahlias and collecting stamps. Up to this time his only triumphs were of a botanical and matrimonial nature. His flowers took prizes in local horticultural exhibits, and Mrs. Ickes won a Republican seat in the Illinois Legislature.

He had special cause for concern at the state of the nation. Old friends in the West—guides, cowboys, Indians and ranchers—wrote him of a complete breakdown of the Roosevelt conservation policies to which he was most attached. Teapot Dome was only one example. Oil was spilling like bootleg liquor in new fields in the Southwest, cattle barons were gobbling up the public domain by illegal fencing of the ranges, private power interests were seeking the finest sites for future development, and his Indian friends were being exploited tribally and individually. Everywhere he looked, he thought he saw injustice and discrimination. He was like the fellow in the song—"Everybody was out of step but him."

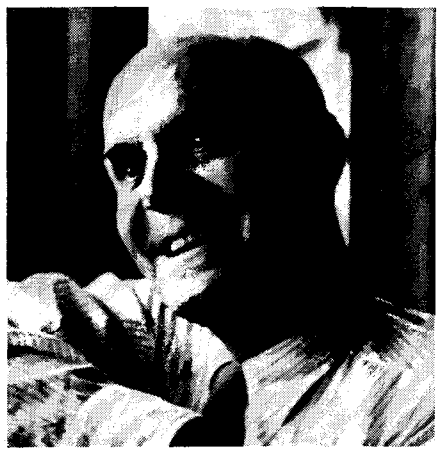
But there were several striking things about this one-man crusade against what he regarded as social injustice and political indecency. Mr. Ickes never gave up, and he never asked anything for himself. He has never run for public office.

Principles rather than personalities interest him. He would support the devil himself if Nominee Satan ran on a truly Progressive platform. Though he grew somewhat morose and monosyllabic from these beatings and broodings, and the four frown lines on his forehead became more corrugated each year, he kept at it in a strangely selfless spirit. He himself hardly knows why, although the question of what kept him going stirs unsuspected depths of emotion.

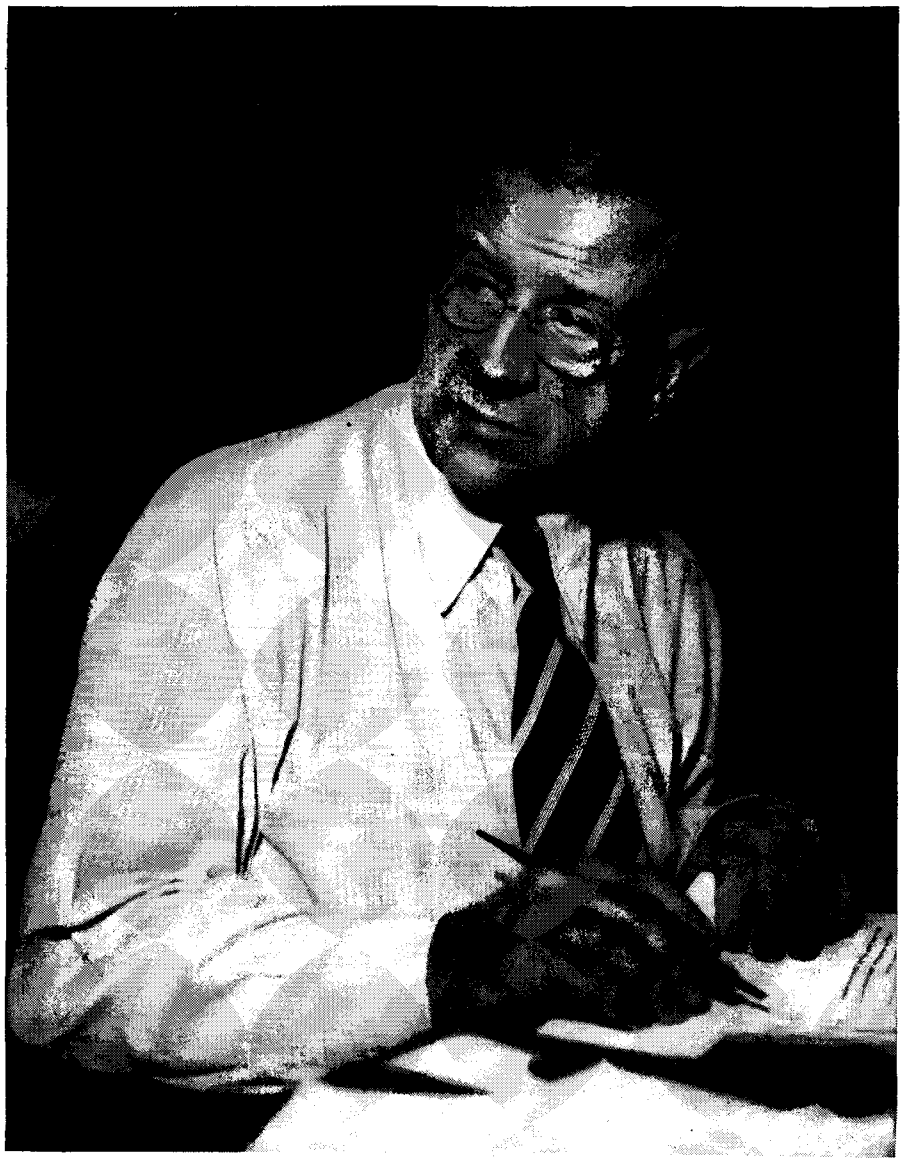
"Oh," he replies, "I don't know. My friends say I'm a damn' fool. Maybe so. Maybe it's because I'm Scotch. Again and again I've been asked to join some hopeless fight, and said, 'No more for me, thank you.' But before it was over, I found myself in it almost without knowing how or why. The lickings never bothered me. I never fought for myself or for immediate things. I knew that some day the things I believed in would win, because they were right. They had to win.

"I'm not a professional 'aginner.' What I hate, and what I've fought, is injustice of any kind. I hate to see poor devils being deprived of their rights, being hurt, because they didn't know what their rights were, or how to protect themselves. Many a time I've handled cases for Hull House, and shaken my fist in the noses of judges who condoned some flatfoot for beating up an ignorant immigrant. I hate to see people robbed of their resources, of a chance of making a decent living, because some selfish fellow wants to pile up more money or power than he can use. If everybody had a square deal, I wouldn't mind if some people got more than they deserved or needed. But I can't stand injustice, and I get mad whenever I see it."

Harry Slattery, Ickes' executive secretary, has been an unofficial corruption fighter since Teddy Roosevelt's day



Louis R. Glavis, fired from government service in 1909 for unearthing the Ballinger coal lands scandal, returns to direct the Division of Investigation



Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes. He thinks "No" is a swell word

The Cabinet Strong Man

Coming from some other men, this explanation might be set down as sentimental bunk. But Mr. Ickes has demonstrated, both before and since becoming Secretary of the Interior, that he is in deadly earnest. He never sentimentalizes. He works too hard to take time out to ponder over the contrast between his old and new estate. He grunts at suggestions that he has emerged as the one big man of the Cabinet. But it is a fact that in a few months he has become President Roosevelt's confidant and his right arm with respect to major issues which may make or break the New Deal. So he is too busy to gloat over the vanquishment of his ancient enemies—Insull's unhappy exile in Greece, Thompson's retirement by request, Al Capone's imprisonment, the rout of reactionary Republicans—or to dwell on the prospect of undoing some of the wrongs he has brooded over all these years.

Few Cabinet members have had such a hasty or humorous introduction to public life as Ickes. Always a great admirer of President Roosevelt, whom he advanced as a vice-presidential candidate in 1920 long before politicians gave thought to the young New Yorker, he was named by Senate Progressives as their spokesman on economic problems in preparation for the London Conference. That necessitated a conference. Meanwhile, he had expressed a hankering to be Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and several influential friends had telegraphed the suggestion to Mr. Roosevelt in advance of their meeting. When the two met, it was political love at first sight. The President's opening words were: "You and I have been talking the same language for twenty years. How would you like to be Secretary of the Interior?"

Only a few veteran correspondents had heard of him, and few newspaper offices had a morgue on him. The politician who gave the tip-off on his appointment could not spell or pronounce his name. Only five reporters attended his

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A Gentleman's Verdict

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Irving Nurick

She turned to face the accusing, angry eyes of Mr. Vanness

TO THE housekeeper, she was known as Laura; her name appeared on the books as "Laura Johnson (Mrs.)," and to the members of the uniformed service staff she was merely the day maid on the seventh floor, Hotel Stoner, the State's Leading Hostelry. She was forty-four years of age, efficient, quiet and matter-of-fact. And she hadn't the faintest suspicion that she was by way of being a very noble woman and a most remarkable mother.

Laura's philosophy was that way. Mothers—especially widowed ones—were destined to labor diligently that their sons might enjoy advantages. Several times Billy had argued that his education wasn't worth the price, that he was kept uncomfortable by the thought of her drudgery. He asserted that he had the right to forsake the college he had recently entered and to get a job.

Billy lost the argument. He entered the state university, where he studied hard and worked even harder at odd jobs by which he materially reduced the sums Laura was compelled to forward every so often to the bursar.

Laura was happy, and Laura was proud. Her son was a college boy, and was by way of becoming an educated gentleman—which was something that could not be said of the worthy and lamented Mr. Johnson. Billy was like the other boys who swept down upon the hotel for the big football games, who uttered loud and unintelligible noises and who, occasionally, drank more than was good for them. Of course Billy didn't come to the football games—he couldn't afford it—and he didn't drink because he had been taught that to do so would make Laura distinctly unhappy. He was, in fact, a sterling young man who did not suspect that Laura had discovered his secret; that, with a mother's insight, she knew the one impossible ambition which stood between himself and almost perfect happiness.

It all came back to Laura now as she labored to restore a semblance of order to Room 714, occupied by a certain young Mr. Vanness, who was a junior at State. Quite obviously, Mr. Vanness and his college mates had indulged in a very extensive pre-game celebration. But even that was not what reminded Laura. It was the pin which had been left on the dresser.

It was a nice enough pin, but Laura failed to see in it anything to arouse great enthusiasm or intense longing. All the college boys—or almost all—wore similar pins. And she never had understood why—if they were so grand—they were worn on the vests of their owners instead of on coat lapels where all the world might see and admire.

Yes, Billy had confessed that he would like to wear one of those pins on his vest. Not that he ever expected to. . . .

She picked up the pin which Mr. Vanness had left on his dresser and inspected it closely.

She reckoned it was solid gold all right, and perhaps them was real pearls which framed its triangular outer edge; but shuh! This particular pin wasn't so good anyway, because three of the tiny pearls were missing from the lower right-hand border. Nor did the inscription mean anything to Laura—three letters which looked like no other letters she had ever seen. It really was—to her way of thinking—a thoroughly insignificant piece of jewelry. . . .

Laura suddenly stopped dusting the dresser and stared into the mirror. What little color she ordinarily possessed had drained from her cheeks and she was trembling. An idea had come to her; a terrible and devastating idea!

Mr. Vanness would never miss this little pin with its three lost pearls. He was a wealthy young man and most likely had discarded it anyway.

IT OCCURRED to Laura that her son could be made very happy by that very pin which wasn't good enough for Mr. Vanness. She could tell him she had found it . . . and then he could put it on his vest and be like all the other boys.

Of course she wasn't going to steal it, but then if it was destined to be thrown away. . . .

Laura was a fine, honest woman. Laura was a fine, adoring mother. Without thought, she dropped the pin into the pocket of her apron . . . just for a moment; intending to put it right back. But it was then that a stern voice crackled at her from the doorway and she turned to face the accusing, angry eyes of young Mr. Vanness.

Mr. Vanness demanded to know what she had taken from his dresser and put into her pocket. He was a very arrogant young gentleman, with unruly blond hair and deep shadows under his eyes; a gentleman born, decided Laura—but, at the moment, a very angry gentleman.

"It wasn't nothing but a little ol' pin," said Laura tearfully, and she handed him the little ol' pin. "I was goin' to return it." Mr. Vanness appeared to become twice as angry. He stated that he intended to report the affair to the hotel management.

Then Laura became terrified. Arrest, trial, conviction, prison. Misery and unthinkable disgrace for Billy. For the first time in her life she became articulate—because she knew that Billy's whole future was at stake. She pleaded with Mr. Vanness, she told him of her son at the university, and of how he studied hard and worked hard and seemed happy . . . and she said that she knew he wanted one of those little pins more than anything in the world and she really had thought that Mr. Vanness might be intending to throw this one in the wastebasket on account of the fact that three of the pearls were missing.

Mr. Vanness sat down in an easy chair and stared at the woman who poured out to him her heart and her terror. He told himself that the story wasn't true, and demanded the name of her son.

Now Laura became even more desperate, for, above everything, she didn't want the boys at the university to know that Billy's mother was an ordinary hotel maid; not that Billy was ashamed—or less than proud—but she had made him pledge his word that he would never tell. Her insistence upon this point convinced Mr. Vanness that she was lying, and he said so—quite pointedly. Then she gave him Billy's name.

For days afterward she fought against nervous collapse. She would wake at night, trembling with terror; she prayed that Mr. Vanness would not carry the story back to the campus. . . .

AT THANKSGIVING time Billy came home for three days. He had hitchhiked from the university, and he looked fine and healthy . . . and radiant. And when they had settled down for a long talk he proudly displayed a little pin he was wearing. It was, he said, merely a pledge pin . . . but it meant that he had been chosen for Psi Tau Theta, one of the finest social groups on the campus. He had arranged to do extra work so that he could afford to belong.

"I only wear this until after the initiation," he told her. "Then I wear one of their regular pins." His face brightened. "And something fine happened to me, Mother. Something mighty fine. . . ."

He bent forward impulsively and kissed her.

"One of the boys gave me a pin to wear after I'm initiated. Said he had two. He's a grand guy, Mother. Want to see the pin he gave me?"

Laura did not see the pin very clearly. All she saw was that from the lower right-hand border, three of the pearls were missing.

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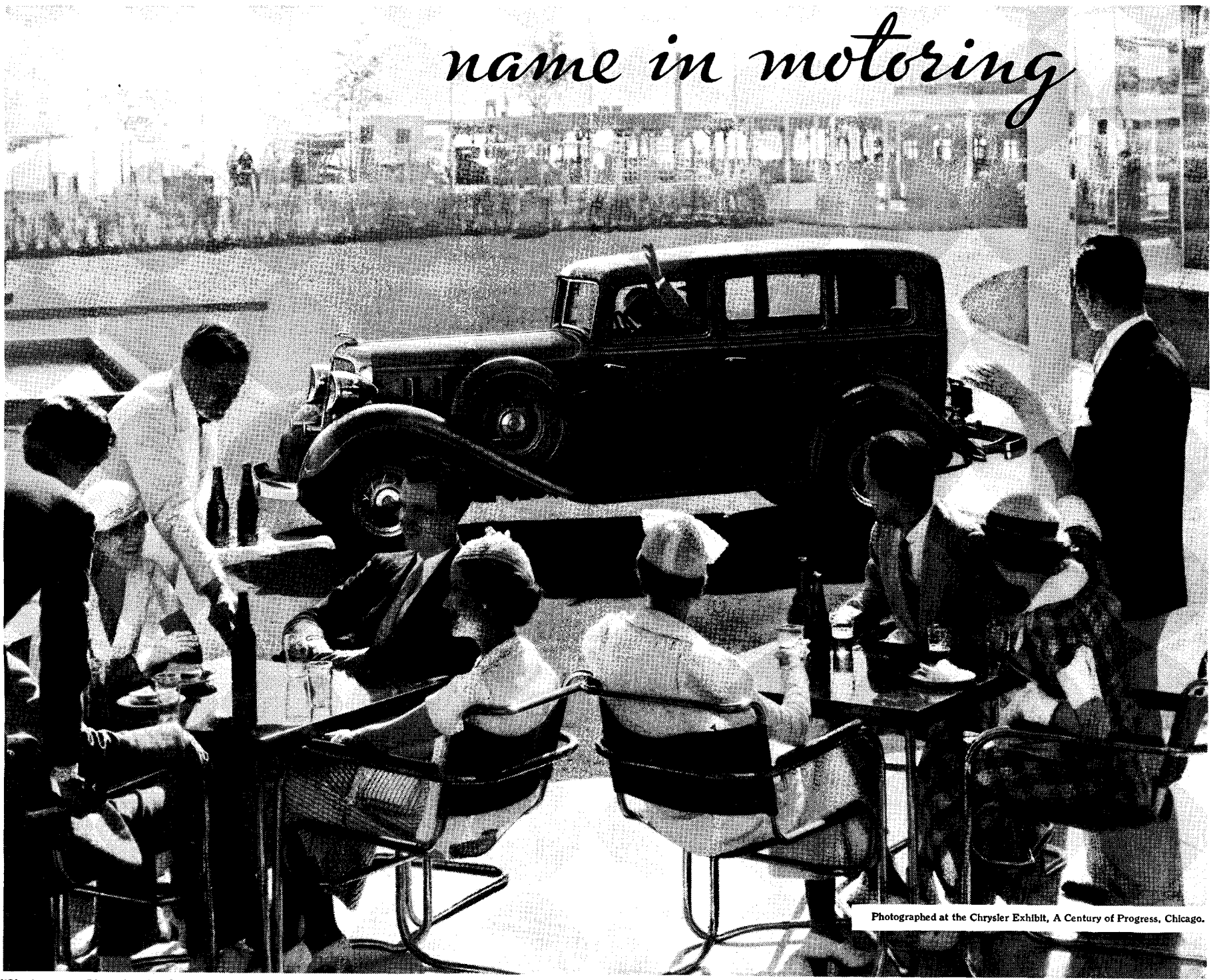
CHRYSLER

. . . the most talked about name in motoring



Photographed at the Chrysler Exhibit, A Century of Progress, Chicago.

"Jim's new Chrysler looks like a million doesn't it . . . and it certainly is a dream to drive."

"Chrysler always seems to keep ahead in design . . . no wonder there's so much talk about what Chrysler does."

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Owners talk about Chrysler . . . and people who want to be owners talk about Chrysler.

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If you're inclined that way, you can find the reasons for these things in Chrysler's advanced engineering . . . in Chrysler's patented Floating Power engine mountings . . . Chrysler's valve seat inserts . . . Chrysler's X-type frames . . . and safety steel bodies . . . there are actually dozens of fascinating new engineering advancements in the 1933 Chryslers.

Or you can build your preference purely on *the results . . . the simple truth that there's* more pleasure in a Chrysler, more satisfaction in a Chrysler, more genuine, basic *value* in a Chrysler than you can find in any other car.

Chrysler prices were never so low as now. It's the time of times to buy one.

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CHRYSLER SIX SEDAN $785 83 horsepower, 117-inch wheelbase, six body types, $745 to $945.

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"I have been called many things—not always kind-hearted," she observed. "Are you well enough to go home?"

Illustrated by George Howe

The Man without Nerves

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Story Thus Far:

SAM JESSON, reputed wealthy, is found dead in the village of Sandywayes, Sussex, England.

At the coroner's inquest, James Huitt, London banker and resident of Sandywayes, testifies that he had handled Jesson's account—that the man died almost penniless. The verdict is suicide.

One person, at least, is not satisfied with the suicide theory: "Mr. Tyssen," newspaper reporter and novelist (so he says), an inquisitive young man who, taking lodgings in the village, spends the midnight hours strolling about the place! To the village's leading residents—Andrew Cresset, Timothy Sarson, Roland Martin and Lord Milhaven (the county's biggest figure)—he seems a queer bird. Huitt, whom he insists on questioning at every opportunity, detests him. But to Sybil Cresset, Andrew Cresset's daughter; Pauline Sarson, daughter of Timothy Sarson; and Timothy's son, Anthony, he seems a charming, if somewhat mysterious, young man. . . . Strange episodes follow. Huitt, preparing for a dinner at Lord Milhaven's (where Sir Julian Bott, noted financier, tries to interest Milhaven and the banker in a colossal business venture), slips a revolver into his pocket. Why? Only Huitt knows. . . . A "Madame de Sayal" takes up her abode near Huitt. Living alone, with an old Roumanian servant, she makes no attempt to enter into the life of the village. Why? Only Madame de Sayal knows. . . .

Anthony Sarson takes Sybil Cresset to a dance.

Returning from the dance, Anthony and Sybil encounter a motorist in the darkness. He appears to be in trouble. They offer to help. The stranger is not grateful. Drawing a revolver—"*Move on, you two!*" he orders gruffly.

IV

THE engine began to roar and Anthony sped on. The waiting limousine was out of the radius of his own headlight and the darkness was too intense for him to see more than its outline, but he was able to satisfy himself that there was no indication of any passenger, no sign of any human being except the one who had accosted him.

"That's a queer business," he observed as he got off a few minutes later to open the gate. "What do you make of it, Sybil?"

"Don't ask me," the girl replied. "Just get away as fast as you can, please."

He turned obediently down the rough path which fringed the pine wood, past the two silent and stark bungalows down to the Oasis below. When he reached the little cluster of houses he sprang from his seat and stopped his engine. Even before he helped his companion out, however, he was peering up towards the road above. There were no signs of the car, no lights, no sound.

"Well, that *is* a queer business," he repeated in a puzzled tone. What on earth do you suppose it was all about?"

"I have no idea," she told him as she took his hand and alighted. "I only know that I was getting frightened. The man was an inspector or something, wasn't he?"

"I thought so at first," Anthony replied. "He seemed to be wearing some sort of uniform. What on earth was he doing up there, though? No chauffeur and apparently no passengers. Where on earth could he have come from?"

"He might have come from London if he was a member of the golf club and happened to have his key," the girl suggested.

"It isn't very likely, and, even if he had, what was he doing half hidden in the hedge with that searchlight on? One thing is quite certain—he didn't want to be seen."

SYBIL was a little bored with it all. In another moment she expected a parental summons from one of the windows above.

"I'm too sleepy to guess any more, Tony," she confessed. "Take me to the door—there's a dear. These bushes make me feel shivery."

Anthony, being a young man with the requisite amount of gallantry, and knowing very well what was expected of him, did as he was bidden and lingered for the proper length of time in the shadow of the laurel bushes. When finally Sybil had used her latchkey and disappeared, he closed the gate and returned to his motorcycle. He wheeled it cautiously into the garage of his own house, and afterwards retraced his steps as far as the white railings which bordered the common, and looked long and searchingly up towards the pine woods.

There was still not a light anywhere to be seen, not a sign of anyone stirring. He strolled down the lane, keeping on the fringe of the turf which bordered the common, so that his footsteps should not be heard, and looked longingly at the blank windows of the police station. Not a sign of light there. He looked at both windows of the post office where Tyssen was staying. Both were equally blank and unresponsive. He stood in the middle of the lane and deliberated. What was there to tell anyone if he called them up? The car, notwithstanding its unusual position and its suggestion of secrecy, was on a more or less public road, where it had a perfect right to be. If he called the sergeant out of bed and took him up with him, the chauffeur, in the face of authority, might offer a perfectly reasonable solution of his presence, and

(Continued on page 42)

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Prevent diphtheria from invading your home

No More Diphtheria

NOT so many years ago Diphtheria was the black enemy of childhood. All over the world it claimed a frightful toll. And the tragedy was that three-quarters of its victims were little tots under six—hardly more than babies. Swiftly it struck with deadly result—*without* warning—and there was no sure way to combat it.

Then came Antitoxin. Children who received this treatment at once enjoyed a better chance in their struggle for life. And the Diphtheria death rate was lowered. But Antitoxin is effective only after Diphtheria develops. It *checks* the progress of the disease—but it does not give lasting protection. Now comes a great triumph of medical science—the Prevention of Diphtheria!

Today, eminent specialists state positively and definitely that through modern preventive treatment—

Diphtheria can be Stamped Out!

Some children are able to resist the germs of Diphtheria. Others are not. The wonderful discovery of Dr. Schick of Vienna, *is now being used to show which* children need protection—which are susceptible and which are not. The Schick Test consists in giving the child a tiny injection in the skin of the arm. If, after a few days, a red spot appears where the injection was made, the child is susceptible. If no spot appears, the child is immune.

November is Danger-Time

Diphtheria is especially prevalent in November. The disease is caused by a germ that lodges in the throat and later forms a *membrane. Death is frequently* caused by strangulation and the agony of the struggling child beggars description. And if the child recovers, the disease leaves the heart and kidneys weaker.

Diphtheria is extremely contagious. Have your children's throats examined at the first suggestion of a cold or of a fever. Seek medical advice on having your children Schick-Tested and made immune by the Toxin-Antitoxin Treatment to the attack of Diphtheria.

Children who show by the Schick Test that they are liable to Diphtheria can be given at once the *Toxin-Antitoxin Preventive* Treatment. This treatment consists of three injections of Toxin-Antitoxin, one each week for three weeks.

The Schick *Test* does not make the child immune—but authorities agree that the Toxin-Antitoxin *Treatment* does. Experience shows that both test and treatment are painless and harmless.

The Schick Message is that if mothers and fathers and all others who love children will help, this dread disease that has blotted out thousands and thousands of lives can be wiped out. Children need not have Diphtheria. It can be *prevented.*

If you love them—Make them safe

Experienced Health Boards urge that you take your children at once to a physician and have them protected from this deadly scourge by means of the Toxin-Antitoxin Treatment. The people who are introducing the Schick Test into the public schools need your heartiest co-operation. If your child brings home a request for your approval for the Test or the Toxin-Antitoxin treatment, do not hesitate to give permission.

Would you willingly permit a man to drive an automobile into a crowd of little children? Why *then permit Diphtheria*—unchecked—to mow them down?

Thirty years ago, 115 out of every 100,000 persons died of Diphtheria each year. In recent years, the number has been 15 per 100,000. But, even at this low figure, there are more than 15,000 deaths from Diphtheria annually in the United States.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is making every effort to teach mothers that this disease is entirely preventable and urges them, as well as others in charge of children, to take no chances with Diphtheria.

Since the Schick Test has been perfected, the Company has recommended the very general use of this test in the public schools and also has encouraged making all children immune from Diphtheria by the use of Toxin-Antitoxin.

As a result of the educational campaign among its policyholders, there has been a very marked decline in the death rate from Diphtheria among children insured in the Company. Between 1911 and 1922, the rate declined 34.1 per cent. It is still lower so far in 1923.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail a leaflet entitled "Diphtheria and Its Prevention" to any one interested.

HALEY FISKE, *President*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

THE message reproduced here, "No More Diphtheria," published in November 1923, contained facts unknown to a large majority of the people.

Many newspapers verified the statements and then, in the interest of local public welfare, reprinted the article in full in their news or editorial columns, or both. At the same time they urged local Boards of Health to see that every school child was protected from diphtheria. In 1923, the diphtheria death toll was about 13,500 in this country.

The facts about prevention of diphtheria were retold in 1926 when the death list was about 8,750; again in 1929 when it had dropped to about 8,000; and still again in 1931 when the mortality was about 6,000.

It is encouraging to report that last year about 8,000 fewer children died of the disease than in 1923. But the sad fact remains that in 1932, according to estimates, more than 5,000 children, most of them under five years of age, died from the disease.

Your doctor will tell you that the toxin-antitoxin inoculation against diphtheria is extremely simple and is neither painful nor dangerous. It leaves no scar and it gives sure protection from a disease against which, not many years ago, the science of medicine had found no defense.

If all the boys and girls in the country, more than six months of age, are inoculated now—and if in the future all babies are inoculated as soon as they are six months old—the deathrate from diphtheria will fall close to zero, and the promise made ten years ago "No More Diphtheria" will be fulfilled.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free, its booklet "Diphtheria and Your Child." Address Booklet Dept. 1033-C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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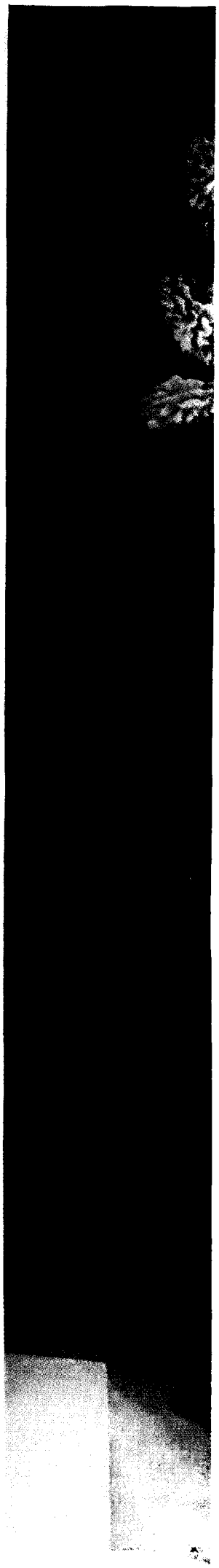
Not a hair out of place

This serenely confident young lady has just stepped from her car. She has no fear that her hair was tousled or her gown ruffled by unkind breezes, for her car has Fisher No Draft Ventilation, latest and greatest contribution to personal appearance and comfort—to health and safety. No Draft Ventilation, in any weather, provides fresh air without chilling drafts on any passenger. In stormy weather it keeps the interior of windows and windshield safely fog-free. And in appearance it sets the new style—visibly identifies a car as modern. Doesn't all this make it more important than ever for you to have a new car—and for that car to have Body by Fisher?

BODY BY Fisher



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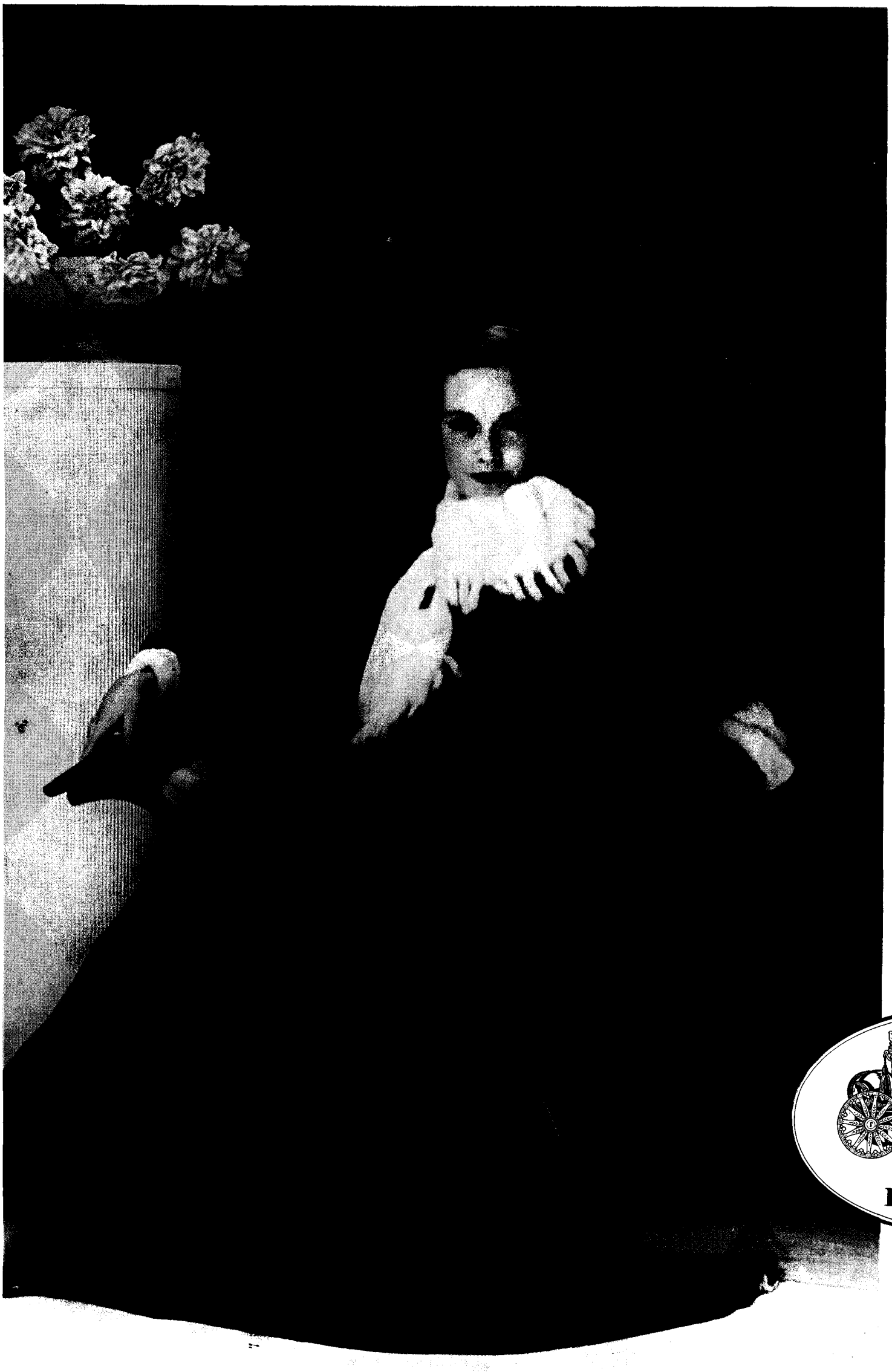

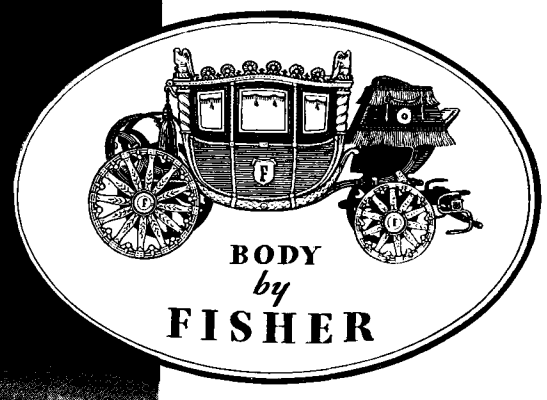

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Magic Waters

Continued from page 19

and its healing powers are lost if you don't catch them before it joins the main stream. Back in the days when fairies and leprechauns, their servants, were as plentiful in Ireland as hairs on a dog's back, the queen of the fairies in these parts went by the name of Laemche. She was the prettiest fairy in all Ireland, which is saying quite a lot when you figure how pretty fairies are, particularly Irish fairies.

Now this Laemche, being a woman as well as a fairy, happened to be one day in Glen Callion when young Cahal O'Heir came hunting a red elk with his hounds. She saw the boy and took a shine to him right away, so she waved her wand, which made her for the moment visible to mortals. Cahal saw her standing there right in front of him, and, looking at the marvelous beauty of her, forgot all about the elk and the dogs.

"In the name of all goodness," he said, "who are you, you pretty wee thing? Never in my life did I see the likes of you for beauty."

"You wouldn't have seen me at all if I hadn't liked the looks of you," answered the fairy, as brazen as any woman set after the man she wants.

"You must be a fairy, and the queen of all of them at that," said Cahal.

"Maybe I am, and maybe I'm not," she told him, for like all women she wasn't going to tell about herself at first sight.

The upshot of that was that soon thereafter they were strolling the glens like a pair of lovers.

"When you want to see me," she told him at parting, "just hit that big rock there with a sally rod three times."

WELL, every evening after that he was hitting the rock and out Laemche would pop for her loving. In a while Cahal told her that he would never be satisfied till the two of them were married.

"Do you know what it means for a fairy to marry a mortal?" she asked him.

"I do not," said the boy, "but I'm willing to learn."

"Well," she said, "when a fairy marries a mortal she becomes just that. She's immortal no longer. But, boy, I'm willing." So they went and got married, for as Laemche told him: "I wouldn't want, dear heart, to go on living after you were dead. Never a happy day would I know after you had gone."

A holy man joined them down in his cell in the glen, and they left him to go over the pass by Slieve Callion, to Cahal's castle for their honeymoon. They stopped by the side of the cliff to take a look at their first happy meeting place.

"Cahal, dear," said Laemche to him, "do you know that if I hadn't married you I could just fly out there in one minute and fly back the next?"

And the poor little fool, being mortal now and having therefore less sense, lifts her arms and makes to fly. Naturally over she goes and falls ever so far into the hollow. Poor Cahal looked down and saw his dear love lying on the rocks below. He ran to her by a path, hoping she still had some of the fairy power in her and she wouldn't be terrible hurt. But when he got to the foot of the cliff she was lying broken to pieces.

Cahal, heartbroken, climbed back on the cliff and threw himself down to where he landed beside his dear one, dead like herself.

The folks near by, hearing of the disaster, came looking for the two bodies the next morning and could find no sign of them. But from the rock there was a fine spring of clear water running down the glen and making that little burn which they named Deora na Sidhe, for the fairies had mourned and wept there all night before they carried their queen and her lover away, and the water was their tears.

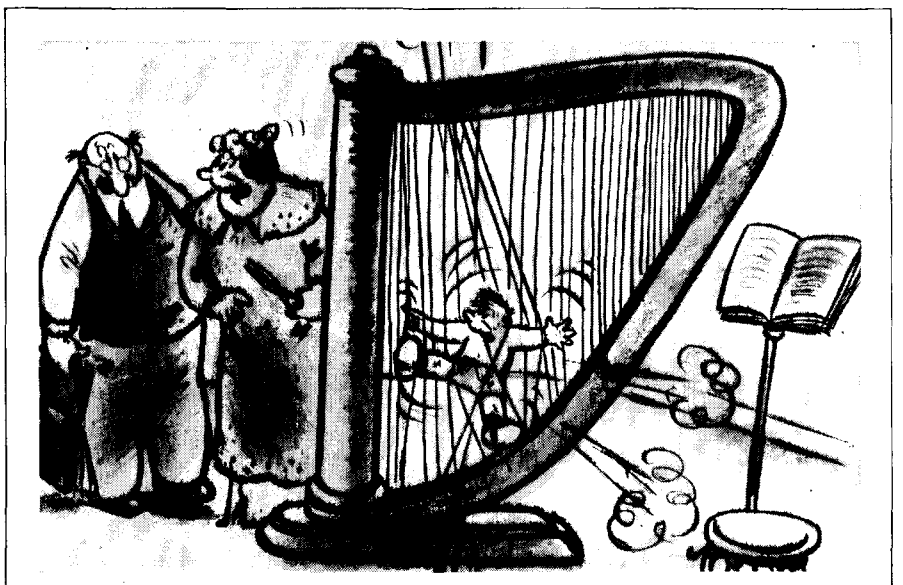
And the tale is, that any man who has lost his love whether from one way or another, can always bring her back by dipping his hands and face in this little stream on a full-moon night when the mourning fairies are around.

"FIVE shillings that fairy story is worth, Phelim," said the blind man, fishing the coins out of his pocket. "I wish we still lived in the days of the fairies."

"It's hard to convince an Ulsterman that there were ever such things or even such people," answered the artful old boy, "but here you are, a lonely man with the thought of one particular woman always in your mind. Would you please an old Connaught man by stepping to the stream this moonlight night with me and laving your face and hands and making a wish?"

"As you say, Phelim, I'm a lonely man," the soldier told him, "and I have nothing to do. I'll step with you to the stream tonight and do as you say. A drowning man will clutch at a straw. But do you know where this burn runs?"

"That I do," said Phelim, thinking of a bit of a river he knew near by.



"Don't untangle him yet, Lucy! He's knocking out a swell tune there!"

Frank Owen

LADY MARTHA O'CAHAN was clipping the roses on the terrace of her brother's castle and listening the while to the persuasive talk of old Phelim O'Rourke, who had come across Ireland so fast this last time you could hardly have glimpsed him for the dust he raised.

"So Angus is still thinking long about Nora?" said the fine, red-haired lady, as beautiful as she had been in the war days and just a bit grander if that were possible. That was all the change in her since the time she had left her heart's secret open in a bit of a diary for a prying Donegal woman to smell out and pass on to the artfulest beggarman in the four kingdoms.

"Och, my lady, it would have broken your heart to see the grand, fine man kneeling by that bit of water and asking the fairies to send his girl back to him," Mr. O'Rourke told her. "The tears from his poor, sightless eyes! Him there in all his loneliness!"

"I think you're the wicked old man, Phelim," said the Lady Martha and her dabbing at her own eyes the while. "It isn't the thing for the likes of me to be baring my heart to the likes of you but since you've been poking around or others have been doing it for you I'm not the one to deny that Angus McFerran will always be the one man in my life. I'm not ashamed as long as it's out, Phelim. On the contrary, I'm proud."

And she sat down there, the beautiful lady, and cried herself out. After a while she raised her head, wiped her eyes and asked the old beggarman to forgive her.

"Sure there's nothing for me to forgive, my lady," he told her, "except it's possibly what you said about the likes of you and the likes of me. It's very true that I'm just a poor old man tramping the length and breadth of Ireland doing what I can for myself and for others. But if you will allow me, Lady Martha, I would remind you that I'm one of the O'Rourkes of Breffni."

"I beg your humble pardon, Mr. O'Rourke," said the lady, smiling through her tears. "I know there's fine blood in you and that you're as much the gentleman as my own brother. And I'll tell you that you've talked me into this thing. I'm committing a grievous sin and one that will always hang heavy on me. I've got to say goodby to everything around here, for I would never show my face in the west again."

"Think of the poor broken man crying there in his loneliness."

"It's all I am thinking of," the red-haired lady told him. "But what about my name when it comes to"—and she stammered a wee bit in her embarrassment—"when it comes to the wedding?"

"Sure the fairies took care of that too, my dear," said the old man. "Your name is Martha Nora and your sister's is Nora Martha. . . !"

LADY MARTHA O'CAHAN'S little bit of a roadster came to a stop on the Dundalk road. The morning sun was shining brightly, the sea was blue and the sky was blue. Phelim O'Rourke climbed a bit stiffly out of the back seat of the car and stood in the road sniffing the fine salt air. He had never whizzed across Ireland as fast as this before and he was in grand shape. Almost condescending, you could say.

"There he is, sitting about three hundred yards down the road," he told the red-haired western woman.

"Dear God, I'm afraid," said Lady Martha, shaking out her skirt.

"You're going to do nothing but make his poor life easy for him," said the beggarman. "Remember that and nothing else."

And with that he turned and walked a pace or two in the direction of Belfast. And Lady Martha, screwing herself up for courage, walked slowly towards Dublin and to blind Angus McFerran, sitting there by the roadside, thinking, like as not, of her sister Nora.

The soldier heard the steps of a woman of quality coming closer to him. They stopped beside him and he turned that poor face toward the sound. And seeing what the war had done to the man just strengthened her in her bit of a deception. She sat herself down with a sob in her throat and laid her lovely hand on his shoulder.

"Angus," she said, "it's Nora."

And she surprised herself that the lie came out so smooth and easy.

"No, no, it just can't be that true," the blind man told her—but he reached for her hand. "I'm just getting soft in the head, that's all."

Lady Martha laid her other hand on top of his.

"It's me, Angus, all right. Something we know about brought me here to you. I had a dream four nights ago that you were sitting by this very road with the Mourne mountains in front of you, and Carlingford Lough behind you. And you were sorry, Angus, so sorry that you upped and left my brother's house without as much as saying 'How do you do, Nora?' And so I came here to find out all about it, and the whys and wherefores."

"THE whys and wherefores, dear heart," said the blind man, "were just that I loved you, and still love you so much that I couldn't see a beautiful girl tie herself to a horrorsome wreck like me."

"And you gave me no consideration at all, at all, Angus, no consideration of any kind. You didn't take thought that my eyes wanted to take the place of your eyes, that my love never faltered."

"Didn't it now, dear heart?" asked the soldier.

"Nobody else, ever, ever," she whispered to him, and their arms went around each other there on that sun-streaked Dundalk road. And they sat there for a while, catching up for all the loneliness and sorrow.

"Nora," said the soldier, after a glorious while, "what will your fine sister Martha be saying to this foolishness, and your outspoken brother Brian?"

"Martha is married very stylish," she told him as his arms tightened a bit around her. "She has an Italian nobleman, and spends all her time in Rome. We'll never see them, dear, nor do we want to. My brother Brian is concerned only with the quality of whisky as it is made in the different parts of Ireland. We'll be here in your wee house always, dear. Always by our lone. We'll go down to your place now, and look it over."

And she led him along the road to where there was a bit of a gate, and a path, rose-bordered, that led to a smart red brick house. Phelim O'Rourke, watching the pair of them, wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, for he was a very sentimental man.

"I'll leave them alone for a few days," he said as he walked off, "and when I come back just by accident the captain will be the most grateful man to me in the entire country."

Lady Martha crossed the threshold of the house with her man on her arm. There was a smile on her lips, and her heart was just packed with happiness.

"Dear God," she whispered to herself as she walked in. "I know that You will forgive me."

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During these first thirty-three years of the dynamic Twentieth Century, International Trucks have set an inspiring example to Progress. They have not only kept pace with the changing world; they have pioneered incessantly since 1899.

International Harvester automotive engineers have campaigned untiringly against every new hauling problem that conditions have presented. Year after year they have built their findings into better trucks. Year by year their trucks have built a reputation that has grown priceless with advancing time, and this reputation in turn has built a phenomenal record of sales and success.

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MISS LILLIAN ANDERSON, Queen of A Century of Progress Exposition, Chicago, is shown in these actual photographs of the smallest and largest International Trucks. The 6-cylinder, ½-ton Model D-1, shown at the top, may be had with either panel or pick-up body: chassis $360, f. o. b. factory. The 6-cylinder 7½-ton Model A-8 is built for heavy dump work and trailer service. Full range of sizes available between these two.

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Don't stop their fun to save shoe bills

● ● ● just put them in shoes that have Goodyear Wingfoot Soles.

No sole ever built can beat these tough, sure-footed, waterproof soles — and everyone knows that a shoe will wear as long as its sole holds out.

So save their shoes — and save your pocketbook — by getting Goodyear Wingfoot Soles on new shoes — or at repair shops. They cost no more — but they give you thrifty extra weeks — or months — for your money.

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Quality products of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc., Akron, Ohio

Other People's Money

Continued from page 13

not produce enough purchasing power to buy the things we produce. And they are hastened and intensified by the maldistribution of purchasing power. The whole system of speculation is one of the most fruitful causes of this maldistribution of purchasing power and, to this extent, speculation is a contributing cause. But it is only one. But while it did not produce the depression, it certainly did produce the panic.

And now we can see these same banks, after all their bitter experiences, blowing away on another bubble. At the first sign of good times our stock market ran away. We saw 9,573,000 shares sold in a day—bigger than any day before the crash of '29. We saw 42,000,000 shares change hands in one week last July—bigger than any week during the famous market of Coolidge's cock-eyed bull.

The important thing for us to keep our eye on is that that hapless boomlet in June and July was the work of manipulation. But you could not manipulate stocks unless you could get the pumps working from the New York banks to the Stock Exchange. The spigots were opened again. And they were opened for the benefit of a lot of professional operators. Brokers' loans are, of course, small now compared with 1929. On April 12th they were only $374,000,000. But by the end of June they had doubled. And by July 19th another 150 million had been piped into the Exchange.

Speculation by individual buyers is impossible without bank loans. So are pool activities by professional operators. Before a pool is formed it always arranges for a big line of bank credit. And the bank knows where the money is going and what it is being used for. And if these Wall Street storm-raisers have been able to carry on their syndicate schemes it is because they have had the aid of the banks. And it is just about high time that someone took measures to put an end to it.

Now what can be done about it?

The Stock Exchange has recently made a rule that its members cannot act as agents for making brokers' loans except for banks. This cuts out private money lenders having agents on the floor.

Others Get By

The banks, through the New York Clearing House, made a rule in 1931 that they would not place any more brokers' loans for non-banking members. This cuts out loans for "Others" through the banks.

But this leaves plenty of loopholes. While brokers cannot act as agents for private money lenders on the floor, there is nothing to prevent any broker from borrowing from private money lenders outside the Exchange. While New York banks will not handle loans for non-banking lenders—i. e., "Others"—they can still handle them for out-of-town banks. And all this is enough to get the market whipped up. When it is whipped up there will be plenty of ways to get around these regulations.

The Federal Reserve Board has power under the Glass-Steagall act, just passed, to exercise a mild control over banks lending too much in the market. Banks are large borrowers of funds from the Reserve banks. If a bank increases its brokers' loans or security loans too much, the Federal Reserve Bank can compel it to liquidate its Federal Reserve loans. Unfortunately in times like 1928 and 1929 when credit was so plentiful, the great New York banks ceased to need the aid of the Federal Reserve banks. Moreover, such regulations tend to drive the business of brokers' loans away from banks. This is bad, because, if they are to be made, it is better to have them under the control of responsible banks.

Other proposals have been made. The Exchange could do a constructive thing if it wished. It could force all speculation to be done on a minimum margin of fifty per cent of the buying price of the stock purchased.

Much pother was raised recently when the Exchange announced that brokers must exact larger margins from customers—30 per cent on accounts over $5,000 and 50 per cent on accounts under $5,000. These requirements turned out to be not quite what they seemed to the uninitiated outsider. To an outsider a margin of 50 per cent means that when he buys stocks for $3,000 he must put up $1,500 of the price. This, however, is not what the Exchange demands.

How Much is 50 Per Cent?

The new rule requires that margins on smaller transactions must be 50 per cent, not of the purchase price of the stocks, but of the debit balance. What is your debit balance at your broker's office? Any boy who has gone through elementary grammar school bookkeeping knows that your debit balance is what you owe. If you buy $3,000 worth of stocks and are required to put up 50 per cent of your debit balance, you will be asked to furnish only half of what the broker puts up for you. That is, he will put up $2,000 and you will put up $1,000—one-half of your debit balance, which is $2,000. That is 50 per cent margin based on the debit balance, but you see it is only 33⅓ per cent of the cost of the stocks.

If the purchase is a larger one—$10,000—then you must put up $2,300, while the broker puts up $7,700. Your $2,300 is 30 per cent of the debit balance, but it is only 23 per cent of the account, or cost of the stocks. The Exchange should go one step further and exact a minimum margin of 50 per cent of the account, or 100 per cent of the debit balance.

For myself, I am convinced that margin trading is absolutely indefensible. But apparently it is too much to hope this will be stopped now. But certainly some limitations should be put on it. Here are some:

1. Prohibit the use of brokers' loans or bank credit for odd-lot trading. An odd-lot is a purchase of less than 100 shares in a lot. This would cripple speculation by the small fry. Melvin Traylor, head of Chicago's biggest bank, favors prohibiting brokers' loans on transactions under $10,000. Some say this would let the big fellow get all the pickings and shut out the little one. But the big fellow's pickings are usually on the little fellow and remember the little fellow doesn't have any pickings anyhow.

2. Bootleg loans should be prohibited. No corporation or individual should be permitted to lend on securities directly or through a bank unless chartered as a bank.

3. No bank should be permitted to lend more than fifty per cent of the value of a share of stock. The Clearing House should be forced to set up a committee which would publish daily a valuation list of all listed stocks. These valuations would be arrived at by consideration of book value, assets, balance sheet, capital structure, history, management of the corporation and the general state of business. The market value in good times represents a speculative valuation and this should be discarded.

4. Every bank should be compelled to publish weekly the amount of its funds placed in brokers' loans and in all non-government securities.

Ingenious men would, doubtless, find ways to circumvent these precautions. But they would be a beginning. They would certainly reduce the volume of speculation and, with experience, ways could be found to strengthen them.

"We'll play a dollar a game to make it interesting. I'm just a beginner myself" *Henry Anton*

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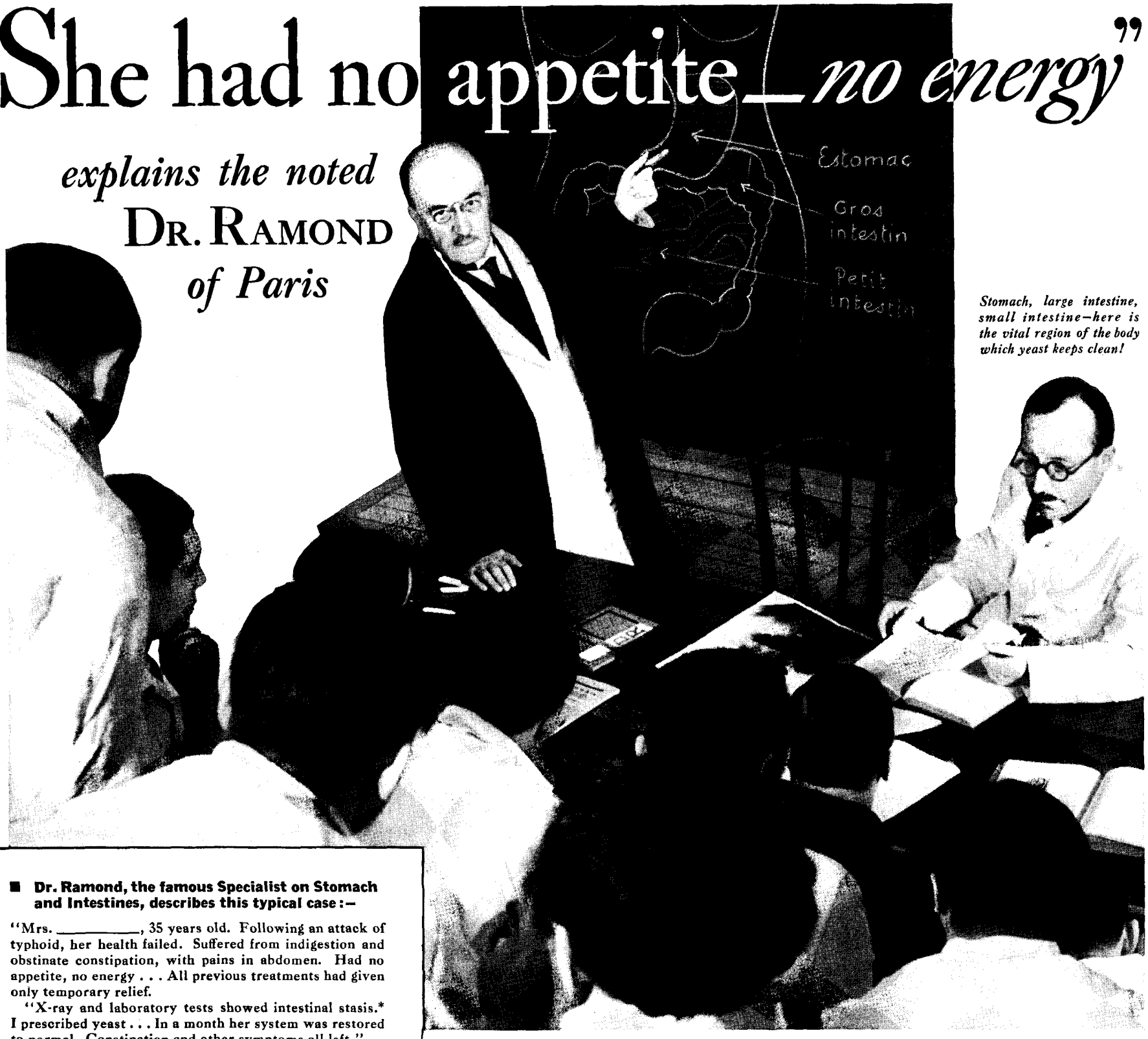
"She had no appetite—*no energy*"

explains the noted DR. RAMOND *of Paris*



Stomach, large intestine, small intestine—here is the vital region of the body which yeast keeps clean!

■ Dr. Ramond, the famous Specialist on Stomach and Intestines, describes this typical case:—

"Mrs. _____, 35 years old. Following an attack of typhoid, her health failed. Suffered from indigestion and obstinate constipation, with pains in abdomen. Had no appetite, no energy . . . All previous treatments had given only temporary relief.

"X-ray and laboratory tests showed intestinal stasis.* I prescribed yeast . . . In a month her system was restored to normal. Constipation and other symptoms all left."

* *Constipation*

"I'D BEEN WORKING HARD and felt worn out," *writes* Miss Frances Payne, *of Seattle, Washington.* "My skin looked terrible. I didn't have any appetite and had indigestion when I did eat.

"A good friend of mine insisted on my trying Fleischmann's Yeast . . . After a few weeks my appetite returned and I could eat without indigestion. Yeast cleared up my sluggishness and helped me regain a reserve of strength . . . I kept on until my skin cleared up."

DR. FELIX RAMOND was physician to the martyred French president, Paul Doumer . . . *and to Georges Clemenceau!* He holds the distinguished post of Medecin-Chef de l'Hôpital Saint-Antoine in Paris. He states:—

"The greatest single cause of our ills as civilized beings is constipation. The poisons which result are carried through the body and weaken every vital organ . . . Constipation causes auto-intoxication, insomnia, headaches, halitosis, coated tongue, lack of appetite, abnormal fatigue. Most skin eruptions have the same origin . . .

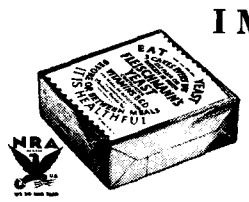
"Fresh yeast," continues Dr. Ramond, "is the best way of correcting constipation. It softens the wastes which collect in the intestines. It increases the vitality of the intestinal muscles . . . helps regulate their action . . . By cleansing the system of poisons it renews the appetite and releases new sources of bodily energy."

So, if you tire easily—if you lack the zest to enjoy life fully—try eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Find out what it will do!

Eat it regularly, and for a period of time—three cakes daily—before meals, or between meals and when you go to bed. You can eat it just plain, or dissolved in a third of a glass of water.

Just remember, Fleischmann's Yeast is *not* a medicine. It is a *food* . . . the richest food known, in fact, in the group of three indispensable health-giving vitamins—B, G and D. Scarcely any other food supplies adequate vitamin D—the "sunshine" vitamin. And vitamins B and G are also absolutely essential to digestion and health.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at all grocers, and at restaurants and soda fountains. Add it to your diet today!



IMPORTANT!—

Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind doctors advise. Write for booklet. Dept. YN22, Standard Brands Incorporated, 691 Washington St., New York City.

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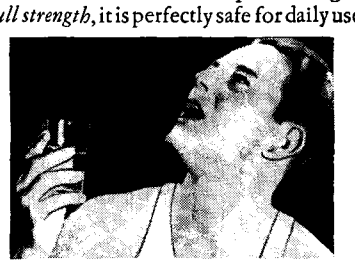
A Better
MOUTH
ANTISEPTIC
..at a big saving!

..Compare it!

Compare Vicks Voratone with the mouth-wash or gargle you now use. You can...without risking a cent... thanks to a special money-back offer.

● Compare the STRENGTH

Diluted with equal parts of water, Vicks Voratone is powerful enough to meet approved standards of antiseptic strength. *Full strength*, it is perfectly safe for daily use.

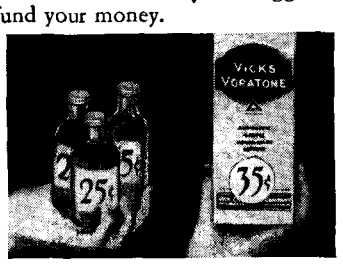


● Compare the TASTE

Full strength or diluted, Voratone is pleasant to the taste. It brings to your mouth a delightful feeling of refreshing cleanness ...and freedom from doubtful breath and after-taste of food or tobacco.

● Compare the RESULTS

Use Voratone for a week for bad breath (halitosis), sore throat, or any of its many uses. Unless you like it better than *any* mouth-wash or gargle you've ever used, return what is left and your druggist will refund your money.



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Ickes—and no Fooling

Continued from page 21

first press conferences, and the stocky, short-legged figure who peered at them through blue eyes blurred by heavy spectacles made no particular impression. He did not serve cigars like Attorney-General Cummings or pass elfin jests like "Willie" Woodin. He leaned forward among the papers and letters that entomb his desk, a crisp, workaday man in his shirt sleeves, and answered their questions sharply, without waste of words or benefit of back-slapping.

Strictly Business

Soon the reporters came to like the flavor and forthrightness of his personality. They threw up their hats when they discovered that a cub reporter could get him on the telephone during office hours if the subject was important enough. To Washington of March, 1933, this was something new—an official who thought that government business was public business. Now his press conferences rank in numbers and importance with the President's, General Hugh Johnson's and Jim Farley's, and there is no surer index to Who's Who at the Capital.

The changed scene and outlook please him. "It's more than a New Deal," he muses. "It's a new world. People feel free again. They can breathe naturally. It's like quitting a morgue for the open woods."

He returns from Cabinet meetings as happy as a boy. "You go in tired and discouraged and out of sorts," he explains, "and the President puts new heart into you. You come out feeling like a fighting cock."

He is still fighting—and winning all along the line. Almost all differences over policies and personalities have been resolved in his favor. Budget Director Douglas, for instance, maintained that rising stock and commodity prices warranted curtailment of public works construction, but President Roosevelt sided with Mr. Ickes against this viewpoint, although it had substantial Cabinet support. General Johnson thought that the public works administration should be placed under him and actually planted an organization at Washington, but it finally landed under Secretary Ickes. Now, to put over a $3,300,000,000 proposition on two tough birds like Douglas and Johnson takes courage.

Senate Leader Joe Robinson, thirty senators and one hundred representatives had a candidate for Indian Commissioner, but Mr. Ickes wanted John Collier because of his sympathetic attitude toward the original Americans, and Mr. Collier got the job. And now, after years of exploitation, both Sitting and Standing Bulls will be protected by a Cabinet member whose speeches reflect a regret that he hasn't some proud Indian blood in his own veins, by a Cabinet member who vacations among the Navajos and Pueblos rather than at Hot Springs or Southampton. For the red man Secretary Ickes proposes a New Deal under which they shall be amalgamated by the white man's civilization, and not set apart in reservations and Wild West shows as curios.

In the same way he dominated the public works board that is entrusted with the expenditure of $3,300,000,000. Although a few practicing politicians —and how he hates them!—have crept into the public works personnel, they are only window-dressing. He will have the last say, for he realizes that any scandal touching the spending of such a sum will react adversely on his "magnificent" friend in the White House. "There is no inside track to a public works contract," he bellowed when the Capital filled up almost overnight with hungry politicians, contractors and fixers. He warned prospective bidders that they would lose their "investment" if they paid fees to tipsters and lobbyists.

He has assumed the same attitude toward large interests which were used to more tender treatment in the past. When cement contractors entered suspiciously similar bids for Boulder Dam, he suspected collusion, demanded new offers; and the eventual saving will be $520,000. When oil operators failed to reach an agreement to prevent uneconomic production, he herded them in a room with the order to "get together." When they couldn't, he sponsored legislation to prevent interstate shipment of illegally produced petroleum.

With characteristic, cosmic humor he has filled key places with men who shared his twenty-year exile. It is his little joke on the past—past Presidents, past politicians, past philosophies of government. To have been in disgrace with Presidents and politicians of the last decade—to have been a miniature American Dreyfus in the realm of politics—appears to be the best recommendation a man can have if he wants a job under Secretary Ickes. For executive assistant he named Harry Slattery, who has been chasing corruption since Teddy Roosevelt's day. Teddy used to refer to him affectionately as "the smiling Irish rebel from South Carolina," and utilized him in many investigations. He played an important part in the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, and the lead rôle in the Teapot Dome affair. Though the present generation hardly knows him, it was this smiling, soft-spoken, bashful chap who first discovered the transfer of jurisdiction over naval oil reserves from the Navy Department to Albert B. Fall. He tipped off the late Senator La Follette, and the big lid blew off. With Senate Progressives Harry has stood guard over natural resources almost since the turn of the century, but until now from the outside looking in.

A Man Redeemed

The return of Louis R. Glavis is an even more dramatic story. Glavis, youthful Chief of the Field Service of the General Land Office, was summarily dismissed from the government service in 1909 by President Taft at the request of Richard A. Ballinger, then Secretary of the Interior. Glavis had committed the horrid crime of discovering that Ballinger had leased to private operators the government's enormously rich coal lands of the Sheep Creek Valley in Alaska. To make it all the more hideous, Glavis boldly exposed the irregularities and demanded of Ballinger that the leases be terminated.

Collier's Weekly was quick to defend Glavis editorially and legally, retaining the attorneys who prosecuted Glavis' charges before the committee which, after five bitter weeks, whitewashed Ballinger. Nevertheless Glavis published the results of his investigation in Collier's and such was the public revulsion that Ballinger resigned. The historic break involving Taft, Roosevelt and Pinchot followed.

Mr. Ickes made Glavis Director of the Division of Investigation and restored his Civil Service status.

Contrary to the general opinion, Secretary Ickes is not hard-boiled. At fifty-nine he feels there is so much to do, and so much to undo, that he has no use for honorables or handshakings. He has arranged his office routine so as to thwart all wastrels of time. As he talks to a visitor, he shifts restlessly in his chair and fumbles for papers and blotters. At the other end of the open room sit other callers in plain sight and hearing of the man who has his ear for the moment. The visitor is kept conscious that others are awaiting their turn, and it takes a stubborn man to tarry overlong.

No Time for "Stuffed Shirts"

When Mr. Ickes discerns a departing look on a person's face, he presses the button beneath his desk, which is a signal to his secretary to bring up the next victim. "That system saves at least an hour a day," he explains with a twinkle in his eyes and a comic curl to his lips. Though he never held executive office, he has somehow acquired a talent for dispatch of public business that professional officeholders rarely attain.

He is the hardest worker in Washington, with the possible exception of General Johnson. His friends worry lest he crack under the strain. He refuses to delegate responsibility to others as much as he should, and he insists on signing even routine documents. He burdens himself with this unnecessary work because he knows what his department's record may mean to the man in the White House. He remembers that two administrations—Taft's and Harding's —blew up because of Interior Department scandals, and he has announced publicly that he does not intend to be the "black sheep" of the Cabinet.

So he reaches his office at 8 o'clock every morning, works through with or without lunch at his desk, and returns until midnight several times a week. Only three people have his home telephone number, and he snorted with disgust when his Georgetown address became known. Though he likes individuals, he detests "stuffed-shirt society." He plays bridge, though he has not had time to learn contract, and he has sat in only twice since coming to the Capital. Golf is a bore to him—too slow, perhaps—but he was an excellent tennis and squash player until the doctors ordered him to quit such strenuous exercise about six years ago. When he gets any time off, he sleeps, pores over his stamp collections or motors through near-by public parks of a week-end.

Although his biting humor sometimes antagonizes people, it is truly Ickesian. It is impersonal, almost anonymous, and he often turns it on himself. He has always been that way. Although he still exults over his triumphs as a mile walker at the University of Chicago, he no sooner landed a job as sporting writer than he demanded scrapping of this event because it was "gruelling and ungraceful."

His pert remarks are drawing-room gossip at Washington. When President Roosevelt summoned a Cabinet meeting aboard the cruiser Indianapolis as it rolled at anchor in Annapolis harbor, he muttered: "I'm willing to die for my President, but I'll be damned if I'll get seasick for him."

With General Johnson he is the only Cabinet or near-Cabinet member who presumes to reply to a White House summons that "I'm too busy; see you later." In short, he is just what the doctor ordered for a New Deal administration—a man who thinks that "No" is a swell word.

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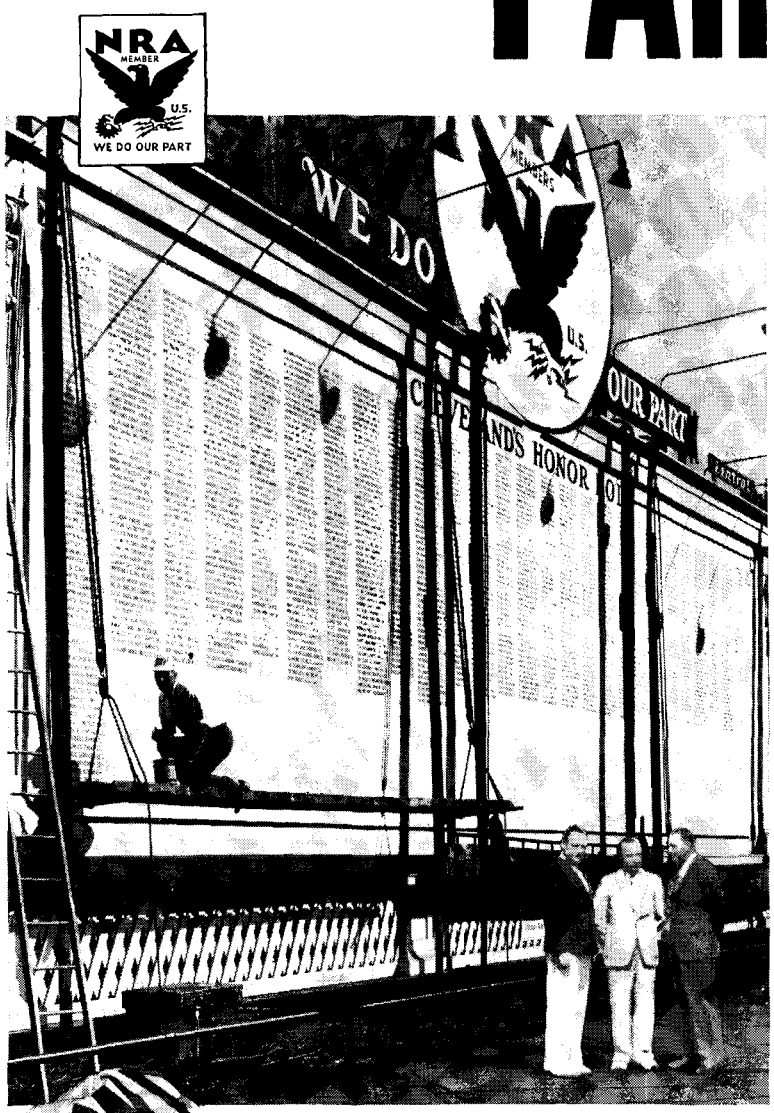

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PIGEON MAKES SPEED RECORD *Rock Island, Ill.*—Camiel Schyvens introduces champion carrier pigeon to Hugh McDonald, Custodian, Rock Island P. O. Building. This amazing pigeon recently flew 807 yards per minute to win a 193 mile race. In the background, the Rock Island Post Office, spic and span in a new water-proof finish of Sherwin-Williams white Stucco and Concrete Paint.

"HOLD YOUR HORSES", IT'S ENAMELOID—*New York City*—Like everybody else, Ona Munson, talented ingenue of the new Joe Cook show, "Hold Your Horses," the initial production of John Schubert, Broadway's youngest impresario, has the painting fever. She assures Frances Upton of the same show that the table will be dry for breakfast because she is doing it with Sherwin-Williams Enameloid, the rapid drying decorative enamel.

TRADE-MARK GUIDES AIRMEN AND PAINT BUYERS—*Cleveland, Ohio*—The spectacular Sherwin-Williams sign, on a high point in Bulkley Boulevard, is a blaze of colored lights by night. So brilliantly does this famous "symbol of quality" stand out against the darkness that airmen now use it as a "beacon."

"YOUNGSTERS OF MOVIELAND" *Chicago, Ill.*—Left to right, Bryant Washburn, Jr., Elsie Ferguson II, Eric von Stroheim, Jr., and Carlisle Blackwell, Jr., featured in new picture, "This Day and Age," see Century of Progress from a gondola. These romantic craft are finished with Sherwin-Williams paints.

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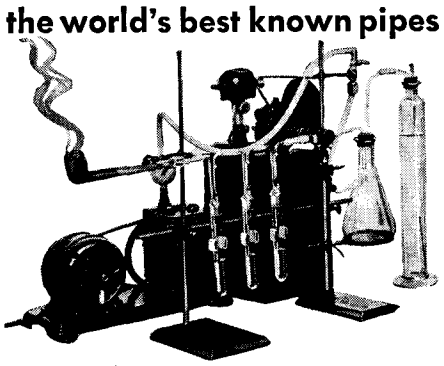

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A Passage to Rangoon

Continued from page 9

only one who'd really say it to me. But they all think it, and you think it, and it isn't so!"

"Think what, dear?"

"That I forgot you, and turned to Sam because you—you were so long away. Because Sam was near by and persistent, and you were two years rolling up and down the islands."

"Rolling up and down the— Well, perhaps that's one way to put it. But I'll have to say this: I wasn't playing, Sally."

"You see—" Sally said, "*you* think it, too!"

"I only said that I couldn't come back any sooner. I shouldn't be here now. I couldn't come back without letting down my company—my father—many, many other people. What you couldn't possibly understand is that I was there to do certain things. I think I knew from the beginning that I had a choice between letting myself down or letting down those others. Now that I know what it means, I don't know that I'd have the nerve to play it the same way again. But I hope I would."

"Paul! If you're going cynical on me—"

"I'm not cynical. It isn't that at all. I'm soon going to be gone—long gone. Maybe this is the last time we'll be together. But I want to tell you something. I want to tell you two things. No—three things."

"Paul—well, all right; I want to hear the two things."

HE WAS silent then; silent for so long that she presently realized that there had been a pause in the music, and that the orchestra was playing a different song, a song that she had not heard for a long time. She didn't recognize it at first. Then she said:

"Why are they playing that? It isn't something they're supposed to play. Heaven knows I know what they're supposed to play. I've danced—"

"You don't know what that is?"

"I haven't heard it for a long time."

"That's an old tune called The Song of the Islands. They're playing it because I bribed them to play it."

"Well, it's terrible."

"I'm sorry. But will you dance a little bit?"

"Of course."

They danced together, for a while, to the song that he had bribed the orchestra to play; and the song wept, and wailed, and pulled at the insides of Sally, all for no reason. The song was talking without any words about things far away, singing of forgotten men in far ports, men at the ends of the world. For a moment or two Sally forgot where she was, and that people were trying to cut in—even that she was dancing with a man who had come across the world's greatest ocean to take an answer that could be nothing but a slap in the face. For just a moment they danced together in a way that was the spirit of all dancing—Paul with his prowling lead that had no break and no beat, and Sally following without knowing that she followed, easily and effortlessly, one with the music.

Then presently she realized that her forehead was against Paul's cheek, and that this man was not Sam, whom she was going to marry, but a stranger who had no part in her life. She heard the music again, and recognized the wailing Song of the Islands, and remembered that this place was not her place in the world, as she had planned it.

"I thought you were going to tell me two or three things," she reminded him.

"All right. Though there isn't any reason for it any more, I guess. The first thing is that the man you're going to marry is a good man. I've only seen his picture, but I know. I came a long way to check up: I've checked, and it's all right."

"And," she said, a little ironically, "point number two?"

"Point number two is something you'd better remember. The world's on the upbuild, Sally. Things are going to get better, because different men, in different places, are going to make them better. America has a tremendous vitality. It will come back fast, and Sam will come back with it. I know what he owns, and what his connections can do for him. Sam will come back—and soon."

"You think it's necessary to preach Sam to me?"

"No. I'm only telling you something that I know, that you ought to know."

"Thanks. And point number three?"

"This is for myself. It can't do any good to you or to me." He was silent, and while he didn't speak she was able to hear that the orchestra, loyal to its bribe, was still playing The Song of the Islands, a crying song, a song of things far away, only partly understood.

"Are you going to tell me or not?"

"I'm going to tell you this: I love you. I'll always love you. I think that if I'd had an even break—but there isn't any use going into that. I still can say this: I think you've made a wise choice. I never took much stock in a woman's intuition. But I think yours is right, this time. After all—of all branches of endeavor, foreign trade will be the last to come back."

"Paul—if you mean—"

"I mean this: I believe in you, and I believe in what you've done. You're beautiful, and you're sweet, and you're dear. And I think you're fixed up all right. I couldn't pull out if I didn't think that your future was secure. All that I need to do, now, is to go back and do my stuff."

"You're really going back? When?"

"Soon."

Sally went to bed that night curiously unsatisfied; yet she knew that she should feel relieved. An awkward situation had come and gone, and was done.

TWO days later Sam came back. He phoned her at once, and close on the heels of the phone call came an awful lot of flowers, for a man who was supposed to be broke. He had to see her right away, of course. After all, she was the girl who was going to marry him, in the fall when her parents came home.

On the same day came a short note from Paul, telling her that he was sailing that night at eleven o'clock, and that he wished her luck.

She had braced herself to repel his advances, to stand firm on the plan of life which she had made. He had come across the Pacific because of her, and she had expected difficulty; there hadn't been any difficulty. Curious that it should give her an empty feeling, like missing the top step.

She looked forward to seeing Sam. She still knew what she wanted: to work with a man, and build with a man, toward the new day that was ahead. All this was ahead of her, with Sam. But just now she felt weary, and lost, and very much in need of Sam's dependable arms.

As she opened the door for him—she had watched his car come up, on time to the minute—it was to her like opening a door to a rescue. She went into his arms, for a moment found there a little peace; for, as she had hoped, Sam was big, and wide, and strong. Not until she had rested for several minutes against his shoulder, and he had kissed her, not too impulsively, for the third time, did Sally become aware that she was uncomfortable.

She made a breakaway, not understanding herself. Sally had planned a little supper for Sam and herself, giving Gran her supper in her room, on a tray. Now she busied herself with this, while Sam recounted interminable experiences in Seattle. She was grateful for these, for Sally was going through an experience of her own. She had not found what she had thought she would find in Sam's arms.

And then—

"By the way," Sam said, "you know this Paul Randon?"

SOMETHING snapped tight in Sally, but she went on fixing the salad. "Yes, dear, I know Paul Randon."

"Heavy suitor at one time, wasn't he?"

"Well?"

"Well, he's gone broke. The great infallible Randon outfit has gone broke at last! Larsen-Randon is in receivership."

"I don't believe you," Sally heard herself say.

"Don't you ever read the papers? I tell you, the absolutely insuperable Paul Randon is flatter than I am—flatter by two hundred thousand at the least!"

Sally turned around, slowly. "When did this happen?"

"Three days ago. I supposed you knew. But, naturally, you're not interested in him any more."

"No; not any more. . . ."

Somehow she fixed Sam's supper, and somehow she got the salad right. Somehow she even ate some of it herself, while she fed this man she had promised to marry. She stuck it out for a long time, and she was kissed at least six times, while an eternity passed.

As she smiled vacantly across the table at Sam, trying to admire the report of his achievements, she was seeing other things: Chinese junks plying yellow waters, elephants hauling teak out of a muddy stream, a myriad of queerly marked bales stacked in the shadow of a temple. And all those things were only the background of a man, a young man growing old fast, smiling as he worked in far places to straighten out a muddle that belonged to the world. . . .

"Sam—I've got to go and lie down. Neuralgia—headache through my eyes. I'll see you some other time. But now—you'll have to let me go. And if you think it's funny—ask Gran; she'll tell you—women are hell!"

Sally went into her room and closed the door. She undressed slowly, dropped her clothes on the floor and kicked them under the bed. She couldn't remember having ever done that before, but it didn't seem to make any difference now.

Presently she got out the necklace of ivory elephants and put it on. She wanted to think things out—see everything clear and plain again. But she couldn't think at all. Something terrible had happened, and she didn't know how nor why—but she knew what it was.

She sat down on the edge of her bed, relaxed but unresting; then stood up to get the blue kimono. She didn't put it on, but sat turning it over in her hands, looking at the colors. Then suddenly

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she drooped, hid her face in the blue silk, and began to cry.

She was crying hard, almost uncontrollably, but as quietly as she could, when she heard her grandmother fumbling about in the hall. With a great effort she turned rigid and silent, hoping Gran would go away. She didn't answer when Gran tapped on the door.

But Gran came in.

"Oh—you're here," said Gran, in what seemed to Sally a very fatuous way. "I'm tracking down my darn' fool glasses again, and I'll get 'em, too. You haven't seen them in here, have you?"

"Huh-uh," said Sally automatically, without lifting her face.

"I just can't keep up with glasses. What I need is a pack of good glasses hounds. And roller skates. You better get under the covers, Sally, before you go to sleep on top and catch you a cold."

Sally didn't move, so Gran came across the room to shake her shoulder. "Get into bed, child."

"Go away," Sally said in smothered tones. "Please go away!"

She wasn't going away, and Sally knew it. Instead she sat down on the edge of the bed. "What ails you, child?"

SALLY surrendered, sat up, tossed her hair back, and blew her nose. "Gran, there hasn't ever been a fool like me, not any place."

"That's quite a contract," Gran said conservatively. "What in the world busted, anyway?"

"Everything—including me. Do you know what I found out? The Larsen-Randon Shipping Company is in receivership!"

"Well—you didn't own any stock."

"But don't you see? Don't you see what's been happening? All this time I've been playing around, and falling in love with Sam—or thinking I did—Paul's been out there fighting for his life!"

Gran said unfeelingly, "Can't see his life was at stake. Fighting for his job, more like. Kept it, too, for that matter. The receivers made Paul their Far Eastern manager. I read the papers."

"I could have been with him," Sally said bitterly. "I could already have been with him a year!"

"So that's where the wind sets," Gran said sadly. "Seems like it's shifted some."

"I didn't know! Even when I saw him again, I didn't know. I thought—I thought—"

"You thought a lot of things," Gran agreed. "Some cases, it isn't thinking does any good."

"I could have been with him," Sally said miserably, "while he worked the tangles out. I could have been with him all my life—and I threw it away!"

"All this because his folks went broke," Gran said wonderingly. "Now you look here to me! If you didn't love him when his folks were rich, you don't love him now. You only think you do. Because I tell you he'll be rich again. If you want somebody that's on the bottom, Sam's as good as any—and a heap more likely to stay on the bottom than Paul Randon. If I were you I wouldn't marry anybody. I'd go to the mountains for the summer. You don't know what you want."

"Yes, I do." Sally was relaxed and quiet now. "I want Paul. I'll always want Paul. I'd love him if he owned the world, or wouldn't ever own anything, or if he were President, or in jail. You were right and I was wrong. I know that now. It isn't what a man is doing. It's who he is. And Paul is Paul."

"I was afraid of this," Gran said. She drew a deep breath and let it go again. She looked incredibly old, and her voice was dim. "I tried to tell you, child. This rebuilding isn't just for any one or two people; we're all in this. It belongs to the whole country. More than that: it belongs to the whole world. Bad mistake to pick any one man because his own particular walls fell down and he had to tie in to build 'em up. More a matter of choosing partners for the push. I tried to tell you that."

"But I was a fool," Sally said again. "Even if I knew he'd be back, and still want me—to miss a couple of years with Paul—" The tears came into her eyes again, irrepressibly, and she turned her face away.

"Poor child," Gran said. She drew Sally to her, and made her put her face in the hollow of a bony old shoulder. "Poor honey child."

Suddenly Sally stiffened. *"I won't do it!"*

"Won't do what?"

"I won't pay all my life for one fool mistake. Paul isn't gone! His boat doesn't sail for forty minutes!"

"Forty minutes? Now wait—now you look here—"

"There isn't any time to look here!"

Sally Waters snatched down an overnight bag from a high closet shelf and began to throw things at it.

"Here—" Gran said—"you can't do this. He'll think you're nuts!"

"I am—or rather, I was."

"You haven't any trunk fixed!"

"I'll buy a trunk in Honolulu."

"You haven't any passport!"

"Paul will have to cable around to consuls. He ought to know how to do a thing or two, by now."

"But, Sally—how do you think this will look?"

Sally took time to turn upon her grandmother a slow gaze of reproachful pity. "Look!" she repeated. "How will it look!" She made a gesture of pure, impudent frivolity, and snapped shut her bag. Immediately she opened it again, and managed to wedge in the blue kimono.

"I'll leave my roadster somewhere around the docks. You'd better have somebody hunt it up, tomorrow. It's good."

She hesitated. She had her coat and hat on now; and somehow, with that inimitable flair of hers, she looked as if two maids and a couturier had worked hours to make her appear as ready to travel as she did. She was flushed and her eyes were bright, and she was very lovely. But she looked shy and a little child-like as she faced her grandmother.

"Goodby, Gran."

"Sally, you can't do this. Your parents— Look here—there isn't possibly time to make it to the dock!"

"I'll pick up a speedboat to catch the liner. I know where one is. Goodby, dear!"

"You're really going?"

"Nothing in the world can possibly stop me!"

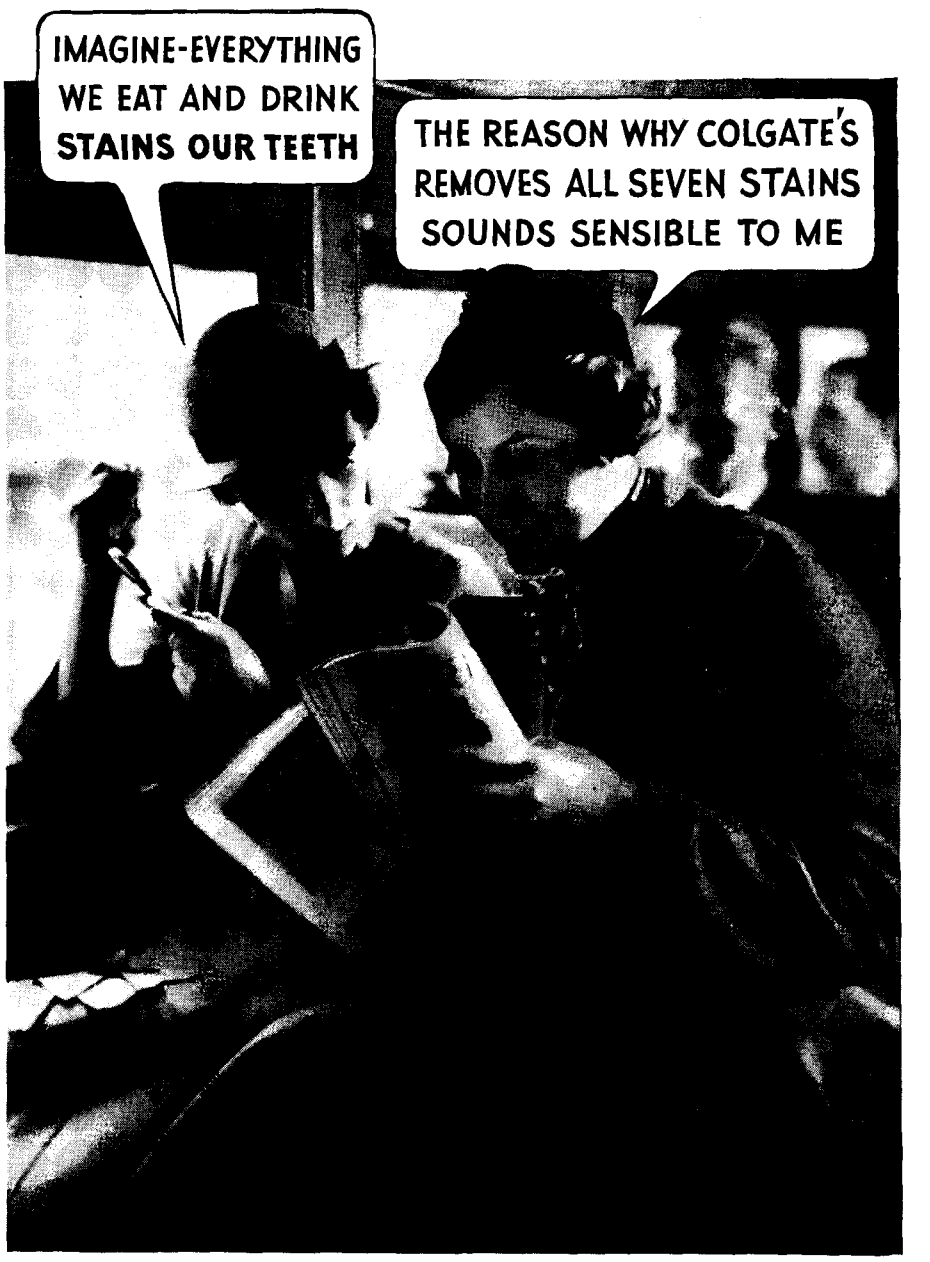
"Well, darn my soul," said Gran. She pulled down Sally's really lovely head, and kissed her. "I wouldn't have thought it was in you!"

WHEN Sally's parents arrived, having cut short a stay in England in simple honor to a case of the jitters, Gran had a bad time explaining how she had let this thing occur. But she turned upon her daughter—Sally's mother—in the end.

"Now listen here, you brat. The women in our family never do know what they want until it's within a shark's whisker of being too late. Once, a long time ago, I saddled up a horse, and rode two days to catch up to a wagon train. What do you think of that?"

"I think it sounds like perfectly preposterous madness."

"Maybe so. But where would you be if I hadn't done it?"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Has the real beauty of your teeth *been hidden by seven stains?*

You may have lovely teeth, without the world ever knowing it. Yes, without even you yourself ever knowing it.

Many a woman has regretfully resigned herself to dull teeth—as a matter of Fate. When, hidden under the dullness, may be teeth that would flatter a girl on a magazine cover.

For Fate doesn't dull your teeth. Breakfasts, dinners and suppers *do!* Everything we eat and drink, from soup to coffee, leaves stains on teeth . . . seven different kinds of stains, all told.

But you can take them *off*—completely—with Colgate's.

Many toothpastes have only one action—fail to thoroughly remove all stains. But Colgate's has the TWO actions necessary. An *emulsive* action that washes away most of the stains. And a gentle *polishing* action that safely rubs away others.

That's why Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream cleans teeth right down to the sparkling enamel. That's why Colgate's can give you beauty of teeth, after other toothpastes have failed.

For a limited time only, you can get the large 25-cent tube of Colgate's for only 19 cents. Buy it—today.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—use Colgate's after every meal. See your dentist regularly.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

1. Meats and other proteins
2. Cereals and other starchy foods
3. Vegetables
4. Sweets
5. Fruits
6. Beverages
7. Tobacco smoke

Colgate's removes all seven

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Irresistible!

THERE is one thing that is as irresistible to a man as to a woman—a Rolls Razor shave.

A woman likes the smooth, clean, non-irritating shave it gives "him".

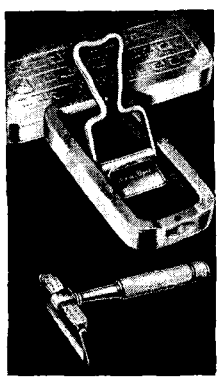
A man knows he has solved his shaving problem forever.

No longer will he have to buy packages of good, bad or indifferent blades that cost from three to six dollars a year.

The one blade of a Rolls Razor is tooled from the finest Sheffield Steel, precision tempered, and hollow ground. Properly handled it will give a lifetime of perfect shaves.

A Rolls is the only safety razor that automatically strops and hones its blade.

Buy a Rolls Razor today. It's an investment that pays for itself many times over in the money you save on packages of blades.



● Compact and complete in its case is razor, strop and hone. A few strokes on the automatic strop before shaving or hone when necessary, and the blade is ready to use. Just slide the safety blade in its handle and start the finest shave you ever had every day.

NRA WE DO OUR PART

Imperial Rolls Razor Nickel Plated. $10
Other models and kits up to $50

For a smooth, non-irritating lather use Rolls Razor Shaving Soap in "lock-tight" bowls. It lasts about 8 months. Price $1.50

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ROLLS RAZOR
WITH A LIFETIME BLADE

Movie Set-Up

Continued from page 20

limited to this achievement. One woman wanted to purchase the French clock in Romance. Another wondered if the tree house built for Our Modern Maidens could be applied to a large oak on her estate, picture enclosed. A third asked modestly for complete plans and designs of everything that went into the making of the Swiss chalet for Private Lives. A letter that Mr. Willis treasures came from the secretary of a well-known evangelist, inquiring about a bed used in a Joan Crawford picture.

Other designers have struck the public taste too. The desk clock in Trouble in Paradise found its sales ticking upward by the hundreds every month, and Kay Francis' vampish couch in the same play became a matinée idol with a following all its own. Hans Dreier, graduate of Munich University, late supervising architect for the Government of German West Africa, now art director of Paramount, was responsible for these last two flutters, as for the lovingly reconstructed 1907 backgrounds in Song of Songs for Marlene Dietrich—to mention only the latest of numerous successes.

Movie history in decoration has really been divided into three chapters: Hit and miss; ready, aim, fire in the wrong direction; and the present era of bull's-eyes.

Twenty years seems a very short span in American history but, in 1913, the picture boys were still shooting Indians on the pioneer plains.

"Sets were made of canvas," says Grover Jones—scene painter in those dear dead days, now writer, director and supervisor of his own productions—"and painted, even to the molding and panels. They looked pretty real on the back walls, but moldings painted on the side don't stick out, and there were cracks where the sections came together. If the set was an office, we strung the telephone wires to cover them, sometimes eight or ten in one room.

Furnishings an Index to Fortune

"The property man was a very busy fellow who had to wheedle everything out of some kind lady in the neighborhood. So long as tables and chairs filled the space and didn't block the action, any kind of furniture was okay. There were a few rules, though. A man's financial rating was judged by the number of piano lamps in his living-room. If he had evil intentions about the heroine, you could bet your last dollar the tête-à-tête room would show a big Chinese chair in the foreground—one of the sort with twists like a licorice stick. At the other end of the social scale, a combination kitchen and dining-room meant that the husband was a poor but honest laborer. If bricks showed through the plaster, he was out of a job and his youngest child needed a doctor."

The first "practical set" ever built in Hollywood was produced for the Francis Ford Company at Universal by Mr. Jones in 1914. "Practical" meant that wood, plaster and so on were used where they would have been off stage, except for the fourth wall of the room which still followed theatrical precedent by turning up missing. At about the same time a step forward in decorating was taken by two women—Miss Melodile Garbutt (Pallas Pictures and the Oliver Morosco Photoplay Company) and her new edition of property man, Mrs. Una Nixon Hopkins. Mrs. Hopkins had the revolutionary idea that Los Angeles' biggest furniture store would be glad to coöperate, so local housewives were henceforth cut off from the thrill of seeing their possessions on the screen. Mrs. Hopkins tried to select and arrange the furniture to match or accentuate the moods of the scenes, and results were surprisingly good.

Meantime, a portentous star was getting ready to rise over the decorating horizon, a star that had first seen the light in Dublin in 1890. Its name in the flesh was Cedric Gibbons.

Having traveled in England, France, Italy and Germany to study art, costumes, furniture and decoration, the future luminary decided to become a painter and came to New York in 1912. Almost at once the movies caught his attention. His enthusiasm for reform was such that he pulled off a job as art director for the old Thomas Edison Studio at Bedford Park, New York, went from there to the Goldwyn organization and moved with the firm to California. When the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer merger took place, he was not one of those left homeless by the earthquake, as may be proved by a list of successes which includes Our Dancing Daughters, The Merry Widow, La Bohème, The Crowd, Grand Hotel, Rasputin and the Empress, Mata Hari, The Rogue Song, The Cossacks, Ben Hur and so on and on.

When Mr. Gibbons struck Hollywood in 1916, the talkies hadn't been thought of, and the industry was just about to enter the mastodon period of huge and spectacular sets.

But with the advent of the talkies, Hollywood came back home in more senses than one. The roar of the crowd wasn't half so exciting as the still small voice of the heroine in her own drawing-room. Intimacy was the new vogue. And a fresh scale of values came into prominence overnight. The broad characterizations of the silent films were no longer necessary. A woman didn't have to undulate, wear bizarre clothes or make up like Marseilles at midnight in order to label herself dangerous. She wasn't a symbol that moved but couldn't utter. She was a living human being who gave herself away with her tongue. Lack of action being one of the criticisms brought against the first talkies, because of the elimination of outdoor shots to begin with, the voluble lady was adroitly routed about from piano to fireplace, from bar to window, to keep up the sense of something doing. This necessitated a real house rather than a series of open sets.

Appropriate Settings

From completeness to appropriateness was a short step. The first move occurred in 1929 with Our Dancing Daughters. Here Cedric Gibbons expressed the same mutinous jazz epic that Joan Crawford put over in her portrait of the younger generation in action, and the response to both was instantaneous. The cities had seen plenty of modern decoration, some good, some bad, but the small towns hadn't. Joan's house was a revelation. Not only on Main Street but in Hollywood itself the decorator's job began to assume a new importance.

This doesn't mean, of course, that Hollywood won't continue to turn out interiors that would be disastrous if adapted for yourself. As with screen clothes, so with screen decoration—some sets are deliberately exaggerated to emphasize a mood, to place a character as being a person to thrill over but not to imitate, unless you don't mind when your just deserts catch up with you. Others, again, while beautiful, won't happen to fit in with your mode of life, your temperament, your present possessions.

Keeping these limitations in mind, you can safely go to your favorite theater prepared to find ideas for the house.

Hobart Erwin's Eight Commandments on Decoration

1. **Never try to "keep up with the Joneses." Good taste and mere display are generally at odds.**
2. **Never buy anything because it pleases you, without first thinking of how it will fit in with what you have.**
3. **Never buy anything because the salesman says it's popular. If in doubt, consult one of the many excellent books in the public library.**
4. **Never buy sets of furniture unless you have a large and formal house.**
5. **Never go in for striking color schemes, unless you have strong nerves or plan to change your decoration frequently.**
6. **Never let elaborate trimming hide good workmanship—or cover makeshifts.**
7. **Never let sentiment betray you into keeping something that lacks beauty, because it belonged to the dear dead days.**
8. **Never forget that light can make or break a room. Only by sympathetic curtaining, only by carefully chosen lamps and shades can a room gain glamour and charm by day or night.**

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Conspiracy

Continued from page 15

and return in thirty minutes. Then she stretched herself on a couch and stared out upon the sound.

Doyle Evans. Doyle Evans. Over and over again she repeated the name in her thoughts. Quite the sort of man she had thought he would be, if she ever encountered him. He had decision and he lacked fear. It had taken a man possessing one and without the other to act as he had acted in Lanson's restaurant on the night that Big Mike Pelletiere died. How had he phrased it this afternoon? Rather well. That was it.

Direct, too. He had blurted right out the thing that was in his mind. Well, she had been ready for it. Over the months during which she might have met Doyle Evans, she had been prepared for whatever he might say. He had said the one thing calculated to surprise her into dangerous admission. And she had passed triumphantly through the test. He couldn't have a lingering doubt now. Oh, she knew he didn't. She had been properly curious, properly amused, properly understanding. No, he'd never have another doubt. Only, she prayed that he would never say to another person that he had been reminded by her of Mike Pelletiere's companion. If Johnson Fay ever guessed that Evans had had the faintest suspicion, no matter how dead that suspicion was now . . . She shuddered faintly. For his cut of eighty million Fay would do anything.

SHE felt a touch of something akin to terror as she mentally contemplated Fay. What an amazing scheme he had planned and carried through. There was a Minnie Ganston on record as having been his secretary for years. Not a thing wrong with the plan. Except that she had been sent abroad for a flying trip with Big Mike, and had happened to be seen, at a most inopportune time, by this young Doyle Evans. But Evans was convinced that he had made an error. And even if he weren't, what would his word amount to against the overwhelming mass of detail that Johnson Fay had prepared?

Why, Fay must have had the scheme in his mind years before he had sprung it on Minnie Ganston. He had kept his young secretary out of any entanglements; she had not been allowed to be seen in any public place with any dubious characters who might later arise in confrontation. Her life had been—so far as anyone could ever know—modest and humble, but—straight. Except for that Paris jam where she had been needed to help out Mike. . . . But Mike was dead, and so were those two South Americans, and—there was nothing to worry about.

The telephone tinkled softly; she reached out from the couch and picked up the receiver.

"Miss Benedict? Your old boss, J. F. Read in the papers that my ex-secretary was going to appear at some charity thing this afternoon and just had to call you up to find out how it all went over. I hope, Minnie—dog-gone, I keep thinking of you as Minnie Ganston—you don't mind your old boss' interest in you."

"No one's in the room, J. F.," she said coolly. "What's on your mind?"

"Tim phoned me a while ago. Said Doyle Evans met you. He said you told him that Evans didn't give you a tumble. Right?"

"Well, if it wasn't right do you think I'd be waiting for you to phone me?"

"That's okay, only what you might think was all right might not impress me the same way. And when there's eighty million in the sack we don't want anyone cutting the seams."

"I have a slight interest in the matter," she said.

"Sure. But you're twenty-two and I'm fifty-two. You're sitting pretty now and can't imagine any change. But old J. F. does a little looking ahead, as maybe you've found out. No bright young man, spilling a little conversation just to make a hit at a dinner party, let's say, is going to talk me out of mine."

"BUT how is he going to do anything like that? I told Tim he didn't recognize me, didn't dream—"

"Tim told me all that. Because this young mug doesn't open his trap you think you know what's in his mind."

"If he'd suspected, he'd have shown it, wouldn't he?"

"Sometimes suspicion is a thing that grows. You don't know it's there until it's full-grown. Men ain't apt to forget you, you know."

"But this one never saw me, never got a good look at me," she argued. "I've been over that a hundred times with you."

"And we'll go over it another hundred if I happen to feel like it, baby," he told her. "I'm in this—just as far as you are, and don't ever lose sight of that little fact. What worries me has just got to worry you, if I say so."

"And vice versa, eh?" she said. "I suppose you think it's bright to telephone me this way."

"It's a private wire, isn't it?" he demanded quickly.

"What of that? You talk of relatives—about how they must feel when the long-lost heiress reappears. Maybe they do a bit of puzzling, maybe they think of a bit of spying. And while we're on that, I don't want Tim whispering to me every chance he gets. Other people might notice it, and do a bit of wondering."

"I'll tell him. Only, he's a bit excited, too, you know. He's in line for a slice, you mustn't forget. But this Evans bird—you're sure?"

"Of course I am," she assured him.

"I could make it positive," he said.

Her face whitened.

"None of that, J. F."

"Oh, like that, eh? Kind of like him?"

"Why not?"

"Vamp him?"

"I didn't have to."

"Be a nice easy way out of it if he ever did get a relapse of his memory," he said. "If a man was married to a girl he'd not go raking around for things, would he?"

"Wait till the car stops before you board it," she advised.

"Okay, baby. Only—I like things certain. And when I say certain I mean *positive*. But I think I see a way. Goodby, Miss Benedict. It's sure nice of you to be friendly with old J. F."

"Wait a minute," she whispered hoarsely. "If you—harm him—"

"Aw, baby," he said, "old J. F. wouldn't ever do anything that you didn't approve of yourself. 'By."

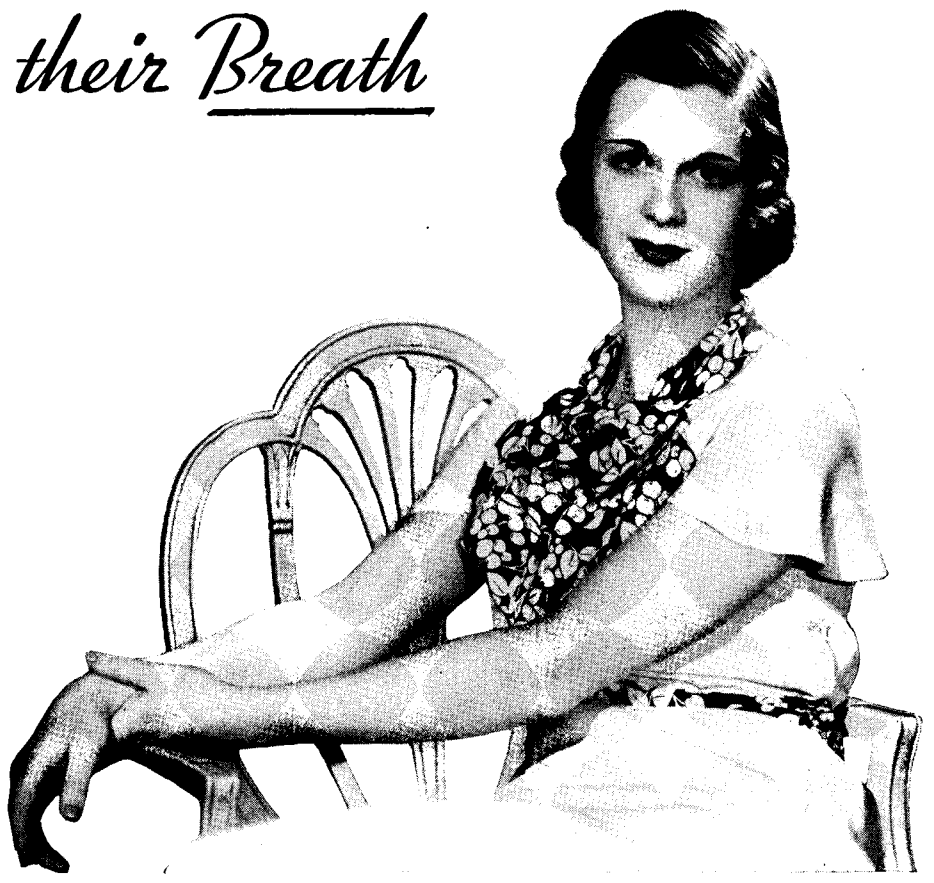
ZEKE MORTIMER, two down as Evans holed a long putt at the sixteenth, suggested five dollars extra on the next two holes.

"Ought to have a chance to get a bit of it back," he said.

"I've been waiting for that whine," chuckled Evans. "One of the nicest

(Continued on page 38)

I think all women are concerned about their Breath



Women are concerned also about the COST of breath-protection—they welcome the fact that Pepsodent Antiseptic makes $1 do the work of $3 in keeping breath pure and sweet.

"I DON'T think it's ever necessary to tell women unpleasant breath is a social offense. That is a matter of personal delicacy women sense instinctively—and have grown doubly conscious of through the carelessness of men. When women are guilty of halitosis, it's because they are mistaken in the way they try to overcome it."

What women should know

For fighting Bad Breath (Halitosis), there are really only two leading kinds of mouth antiseptics on the market. In one group is the mouth antiseptic that *must* be used *full strength* to be effective. In the other group is Pepsodent Antiseptic—utterly safe when used full strength, yet powerful enough to be diluted with 2 parts of water and still kill germs in less than 10 seconds.

Makes $1 equal $3

Pepsodent Antiseptic is at least three times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it goes three times as far—gives you three times as much for your money—and gives you extra protection against unpleasant breath—likewise against colds and throat irritations. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic—and be sure! Be safe—and save your money!

COLDS!

Clinical research reveals that Pepsodent Antiseptic is particularly effective in reducing the number and severity of common colds.

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Sore Throat Colds	**Cuts and Abrasions**
Head Colds	
Smoker's Throat	Chapped Hands
Bad Breath	**Dandruff**
Mouth Irritations	Skin Irritations
Irritations of the Gums	Checks Under-Arm Perspiration Odor
After Extractions	"Athlete's Foot"
After Shaving	**Tired, Aching Feet**

Pepsodent Antiseptic

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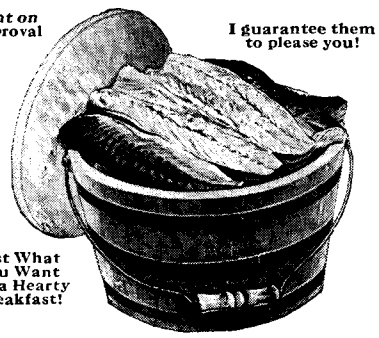
plump, tender, juicy
SALT MACKEREL FILLETS

Sent on approval

I guarantee them to please you!



Just What You Want for a Hearty Breakfast!

TASTE THEM AT MY EXPENSE

You'll never know how delicious fish can be until you serve some of my mackerel fillets, prepared the Down East way. It will be the rarest treat you've had in months.

Take one of my plump, meaty late-caught mackerel fillets. Freshen it. Broil it in its own juices to a tempting brown, until the rich, tender meat falls apart at the touch of your fork. Serve piping hot. Your mouth will water at its appetizing aroma. You'll smack your lips over its wonderful flavor.

What Makes My Mackerel Fillets So Good?

But you must get the right kind of mackerel fillets—the pick of the new late catch is what you want—to get this real food joy. That's the secret of the tempting goodness of my mackerel fillets. I send you the choicest fillets that are carefully sliced from the fat, tender sides of the new late-caught mackerel. Practically boneless, no waste parts whatever, these mackerel fillets are so plump and full *bodied that they just flake into juicy mouthfuls.*

Send No Money Now—
unless you wish to

Just send the coupon below or write me a letter, and I'll ship you a pail of 18 small size tenderloin mackerel fillets—each fillet enough for an individual serving. My fillets come to you all cleaned—no heads—no tails—no large body bones—no waste whatever—just meaty fillets packed in new brine in a wax-lined wooden pail. Taste one—broiled the Down East way. If not satisfied it's the finest mackerel you ever tasted, return the balance at my expense. Otherwise, send me only $2 within 10 days. 200,000 families get their seafood from me this "prove-it-yourself" way. I've been doing business this way for 47 years and I must say that this is the lowest price for this size pail of mackerel fillets I've ever offered. Send your coupon today for this real Gloucester treat.

18 Mackerel Fillets Only $2.00

Delivered FREE! (East of Utah)

Frank E. Davis, The Gloucester Fisherman
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130 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.

My dear Mr. Davis: Please send me all charges prepaid (east of Utah), a pail containing 18 fat late-caught mackerel fillets, clear fish, no heads, tails, or waste parts, and practically boneless. If, after trying a fillet, I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the rest at your expense and will owe you nothing. Otherwise, I'll send you $2.00 within 10 days.*

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Bank or other reference.....

*If you wish to send check for full amount now, I'll include with your mackerel a copy of my 25c beautifully illustrated cook book containing 136 delightful recipes. Your money will be instantly refunded if you are not pleased in every way.

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119 Woodland Ave., Swanton, Ohio

(Continued from page 37)

things about week-ending with you is the sporting spirit you show. Here I've shot way over my head, and you won't let me go home with fifteen honestly won dollars."

"You haven't won them yet," Mortimer reminded him. "And you have a chance to make it twenty-five. And I don't get a stroke on the next. Merely one miserable little stroke on the eighteenth."

"Where I've never got better than a six in my life," groaned Evans. "All right, Shylock, it's still your honor."

Mortimer drove a long ball down the center. Evans was taking his stance when a boy came from the clubhouse.

"Message for you, Mr. Evans," he said.

Evans nodded, concentrated on the ball, and watched it roll fifteen yards ahead of Mortimer's ball. He turned on the messenger boy.

"Always interrupt me in my waggle on the seventeenth tee after this, son. The best drive I've hit today. What is it?"

"Mr. Tulley telephoned from New York. Wants to know if you can possibly get into town and dine with him at his hotel tonight. He says he can't possibly see you tomorrow morning, as he's engaged with his lawyer and takes a train at ten-thirty."

"And you remember all that?" Evans gave the boy a coin. "Is he still on the wire?"

"No, sir. But he said that unless he heard from you he'd be expecting you by seven-thirty."

"THANKS," said Evans. "Damn," he said whole-heartedly as he and Zeke Mortimer started down the fairway.

"Important?" asked Zeke.

"Plenty," said Doyle. "You've heard me speak of Tulley. He's president and treasurer of Evans, Incorporated, my lad. In fact, he's the principal stockholder, and the grand old gent that put up most of the cash—he expected to stay here several days longer, I understood. But if he's leaving in a hurry—well, I'll have to go in town."

"Well, you needn't cry about it," said Mortimer. "Jinnie and I will miss you tonight, of course, but you can come out again, can't you?"

"Of course I can—if you'll have me. But—don't believe this if it strains credulity too much, old boy—but it wasn't sorrow at not seeing your ugly mug across the festive board tonight."

"Then it's Jinnie, eh? Can't bear to be away from my wife. That it?"

"Your wife, Mr. Mortimer, would inspire love in me if pity at her fate in being your wife hadn't crowded out passion. There was someone else dining at your house tonight. A someone else with whom I had planned to have tea. She lives thirty minutes away from here by swiftest motor. I'd planned to call at five-thirty and remain until seven. But if I quit this golf match right here and now, if I defaulted twenty-five bucks to you—provided you were unmanly enough to accept the money—"

"Unmanly? I'm the unmanliest lad you ever met," gloated Zeke. "Why, when I was a wee tot in rompers, folks used to say that when it came to unmanliness I had a real future ahead of me. You want to see a girl, eh? And she is dining with us? And now you can't dine? And you want some extra time with her? Twenty-five bucks, Mr. Evans, and you can take your bag right off this course."

"You wouldn't let the bet ride over to the next match?" pleaded Evans.

"My dear old sainted grandfather used to say to me, 'Zeke, my handsomest grandson, play or pay. Always. Make the other fellow do likewise.'"

"Oh, well, if it's a case of respecting your grandfather's wishes, I can say no more," said Evans bitterly. "Take your filthy dough, and—I'll grab my car, Zeke. Make my excuses to Jinnie. May I leave my things at the house? I'll want to race right into town from the Benedicts'."

"Blessings on you, little man. And just think, if you married her, you could lose twenty-five bucks to me every day and never feel it. And I'll tell her, laddie, that you thought her time was worth a dollar a minute. God speed you, Lochinvar."

"I hope you break your neck in the next bunker," growled Evans, as he started at a trot across the fairway to the clubhouse.

He grinned as he showered and changed. He and Zeke were always pretending the utmost greed in their bets. He'd have to think up some tricky way of getting that twenty-five back.

Phyllis Benedict greeted him as he was ushered out upon the great enclosed porch.

But, beyond a greeting and a farewell, there was no opportunity to talk to her. The French ambassador—and practically all of his entourage, Evans mused bitterly—arrived en masse just as Evans was explaining that he took cream and sugar in his tea, only he never took tea if there was a highball handy.

The thin hour that Evans dared allot himself passed at a terrific clip. He talked to Dottie Banlow, to the kittenish Mrs. Gourse, and to half a dozen other women who would have seemed, on any other occasion, filled with charm. But this afternoon they were dull.

"We dine with the Mortimers tonight," Phyllis told him as he said goodby.

"And I'm dashing into town to keep a business date," he said regretfully. "That's why I hoped—I mean—do you *always* have crowds at tea?"

"Father and Mother are very popular," she said demurely.

"Of course; there is no tribute to your charm in this gathering. But—aren't you ever in town during the week?"

"I really ought to get some hats this week," she said.

"And you can't shop without luncheon, can you?" he asked eagerly.

"Doctors advise against it," she conceded.

"Then—tomorrow? Tuesday, then? The Colony at one-thirty?"

"It sounds feasible and delightful," she smiled.

With that he left her and started back to New York. And as he drove he questioned himself. Why was it suddenly imperative that he see her again so soon? Why had he been so annoyed because old Tulley insisted upon seeing him tonight? Why, he was in love with Lucy Carnehan. Or, if he wasn't, it was a new discovery. He had thought himself in love with her, heaven knew, for long enough. He had considered his life blighted because Lucy had jilted him; he had assumed that love could never again exist for him. And here he was quite out of his mind about a girl whom he had met only yesterday.

Or was it merely the romance, the glamour that surrounded her? Did the extraordinary experience which she had undergone lend a fictitious charm to her personality, a charm that would wear off quickly? Something funny, too: she wasn't Big Mike's companion on that night at Lanson's, but he'd always think of her as the gangster's companion. A queer mental kink that.

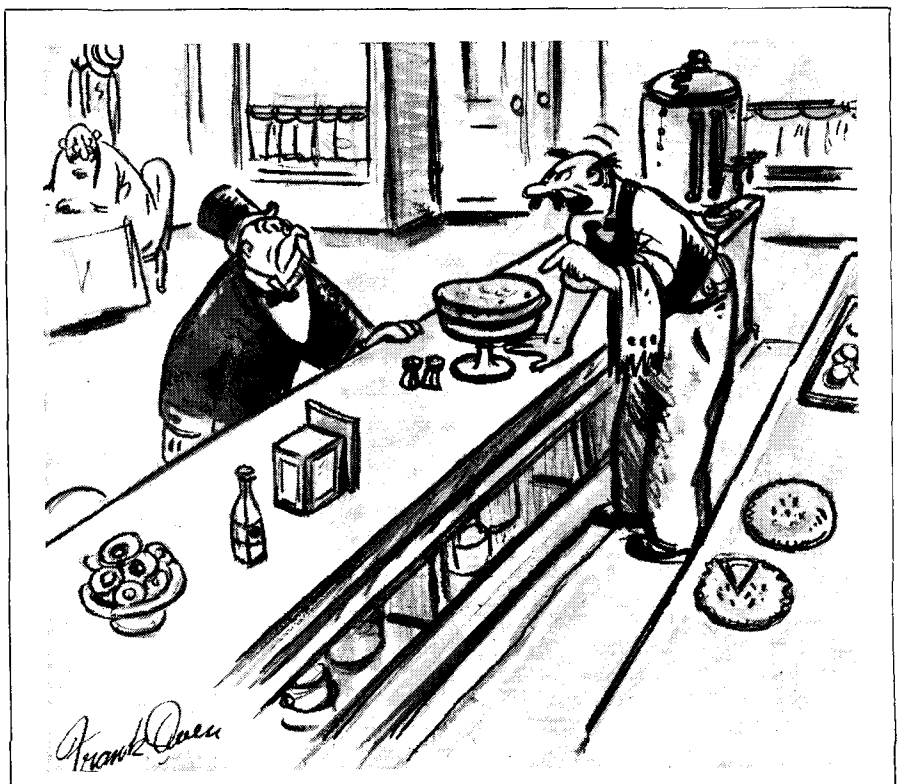
HIS dinner with the booming-voiced Tulley passed off satisfactorily. A well was being drilled; the Modern, that octopus of oil, thought enough of the holdings of Evans, Incorporated, to offer an amalgamation with one of their Oklahoma companies. It meant that, instead of a problematical book value, the Evans stock would be salable on the curb for a million or so.

"You can grab yourself enough to buy a nice little annuity of, say, fifteen thousand a year," said Tulley. "You can get yourself a pretty little secretaryship in the State Department and hold up your end, if that's the way you feel. Or you can gamble that the well will produce and—if luck is with us—order your yacht next spring."

"I'll gamble," said Evans.

"Good lad. I'll have Jenkins—" he meant his lawyer—"tell the Modern to jump down their own wells. We'll go it alone. Luck, my lad. Next you hear from me let's hope it's a wire saying we've brought in a gusher."

Evans went to his modest office on Forty-second Street the next day, arranged for refinancing the mortgage on the Forty-eighth Street house, which



"You've got to buy it—you picked off all th' nuts, didn't you?" *Frank Owen*

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was the sole wreckage of the paternal disaster, debated the merits of golf in the country and contract at the club, and, because the weather was threatening, decided to stay in town.

He was moderately successful for half a dozen rubbers and walked home from the club to find Derrick, his valet-chef-butler, on the way out.

"I left your evening things out, sir," said the man.

Evans' brows lifted.

"But I'm dining at home," he protested.

Derrick was surprised.

"But you told me on Friday, sir, before you went to the country, that you were dining with the Caywells tonight."

Evans smiled.

"It doesn't matter. The Caywell dinner is postponed. I forgot to tell you. I'll run around to some restaurant."

Derrick, that conscientious soul, frowned.

"I did have a bit of an engagement, sir—"

"Then keep your bit of engagement," said Evans. "And if I don't want to go out, there's cold stuff and beer, isn't there? Run along."

BUT cold stuff and beer somehow didn't appeal tonight. And he was no hand at all with even a frying-pan. So he sauntered to a speakeasy and procured an excellent meal. Then he dropped in at a picture and it was past eleven when he reached his apartment and almost midnight when his doorbell rang.

He waited for Derrick to answer the ring and did not remember, until the bell sounded again, that Derrick was out for the evening and probably the night. Then he frowned. Who the deuce would come calling at this hour?

But the bell rang for the third time, and he threw a dressing-gown around himself and opened the door. Framed in the light of the public hall stood a girl.

"Mr. Evans?" she said.

"Why—er—yes," he stammered. He looked beyond her, to discover that she was quite alone.

"I won't hurt you," she smiled. "May I come in?"

"Why—er—of course," he faltered.

She needed no more cordial welcome, and almost pushed by him into the apartment. As he closed the door she sat down in a chair by a reading lamp. She carelessly took off her hat and dropped it on the floor beside her, making more clear that which had been fairly evident before, that her hair was palest blond.

"I didn't thank you before," she said, "but if you'll give me a cigarette now I'll say much obliged."

"Before?" He shook his head stupidly, but offered her a cigarette and lighter. She inhaled deeply.

"Yes, that other time. Mean to say you've forgotten me?"

He stared at her. There was some vague memory in his mind that wouldn't resolve itself into clarity.

"I—I'm afraid I have," he admitted.

"And wondering what I'm doing here now, eh?" she said.

He fought for courtesy.

"I don't suppose one should question good fortune—"

She shook her head, smilingly, mockingly at him.

"Dames that drop in at midnight don't spell good luck to you, Mr. Evans. I can tell that with a look, if I hadn't heard it somewhere before. At that, politeness doesn't hurt, does it? And you're polite. But you would be. A man with guts enough to yank a doll out of a jam like that brawl in Lanson's would be polite, too. Remember now?"

"Remember?" He stared unbelievingly at her.

"When Big Mike put the skids under the greaseballs to take a toss himself. And you sashayed me out to a cab and I bounded you off without even a thank you. *Now* you remember, don't you?"

"Rather," he said briefly. He stared at her. Was this the girl whose walk had entranced him, whose half-revealed features had hinted at beauty? But this girl, whose figure was good enough but not entrancing, whose voice had the accents of Broadway at its cheapest—how could he have thought that the sweet tones of Phyllis Benedict's voice were like this woman's?

"I never forgot your face; I sort of hoped," she said boldly, "that you'd remember me."

"But, you see, I didn't get a real look at you," he told her.

"Sure—but my hair; I wore a little sort of cloche—"

"I remember," he said. "Only—not expecting ever to see you, and not being sure what you looked like, I'd hardly know that you were that girl."

"You believe me, don't you?" she asked carelessly.

Something completely outside of himself warned Evans. For some reason, he didn't believe her. Yet why should a stranger call on him, admit to probably illegal participation in a killing, unless the admission were true? Reason could give no answer, but instinct told him she lied. But instinct further told him not to show his disbelief.

"Why, of course I do," he said. "Why wouldn't I? But—but how did you happen to—come here now—"

She grinned impudently.

"Been in Hollywood for eighteen months. Got back this afternoon; wanted to get myself a time. Ran through the phone book; everyone out of town. Happened to see your name and—well, I wondered if—well—you know—well, I thought I'd look you up. No harm done, eh?"

She crossed her legs and Evans saw two very pretty silken knees.

"No, indeed. No harm at all," said Evans.

She grinned more impudently.

"Only—you're not having any, eh? Well, maybe there's a reason. I hope it's a pretty one. Anyway, you got me out of a rotten jam, and I wanted you to know that I appreciated it. One of those things you don't write, you know. Well, here it is: thanks."

"You're quite welcome," said Evans, bowing her out. He cursed softly as the door closed upon her. What a banal thing to have said. For that matter, though, what else could he have said? She was the kind one gets rid of instantly or not at all. Coincidence, wasn't it, that she should come so soon after he met Phyllis? But was it a coincidence? Why had he felt that tenseness when she had carelessly asked if he believed her?

HE WOULD have understood had he been present at the conversation that occurred in a motor car two minutes after the girl left his apartment.

"Well?" said a man.

"Okay," replied Evans' recent visitor. "He swallowed it."

"You couldn't be fooled, could you?" asked the man.

"You're the smartest man I've ever met, J. F.," said the girl, "and you've never fooled me. No, he thinks I'm the girl of Lanson's, and a tough party to boot."

"Well, he'd better keep on thinking it," said Johnson Fay. "Somehow, his meeting Minnie gets on my nerves."

"But she tells you he isn't hep and I tell you he isn't—what more do you want?"

"I don't know—yet," said Johnson Fay.

(To be continued next week)

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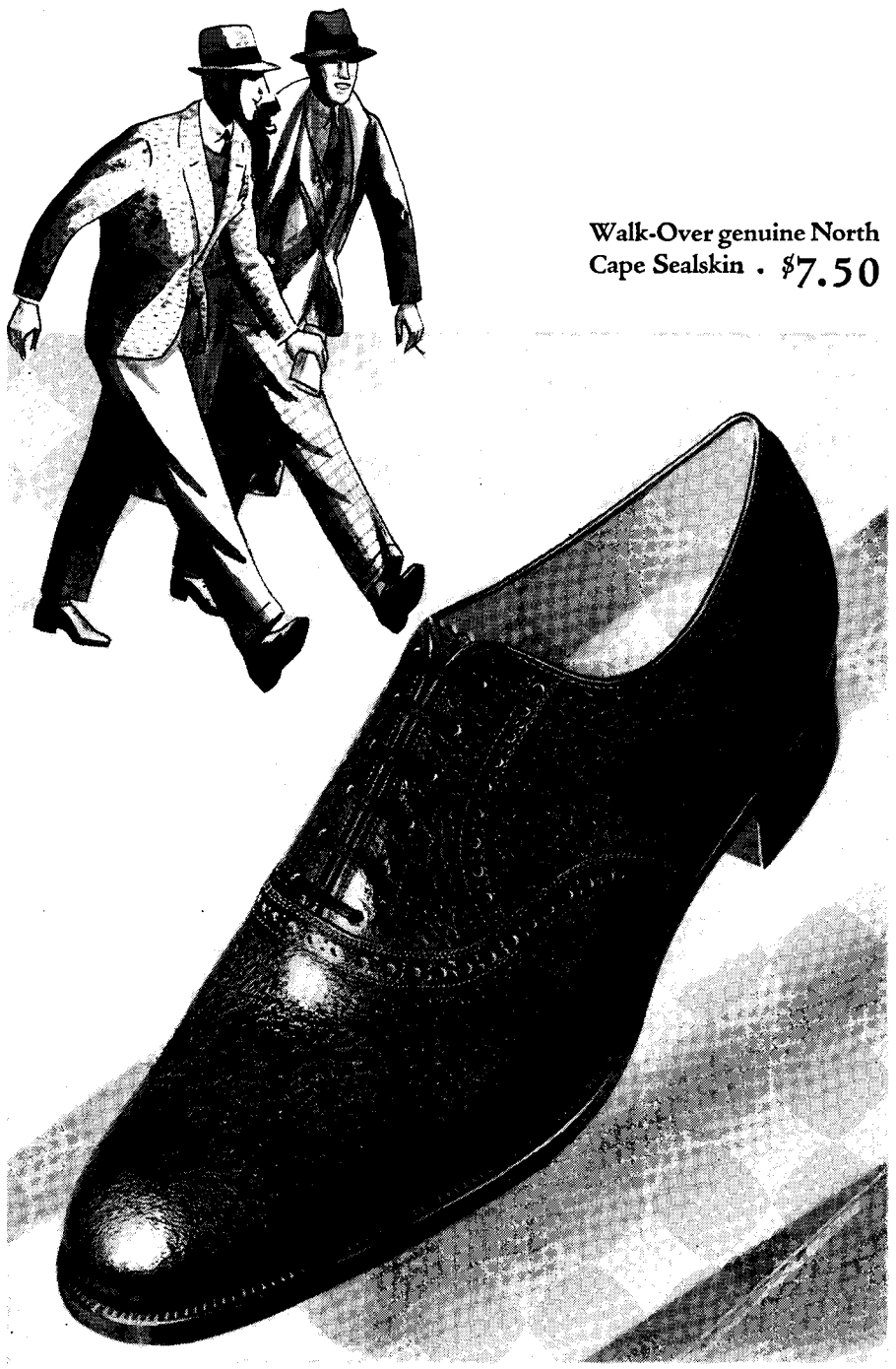

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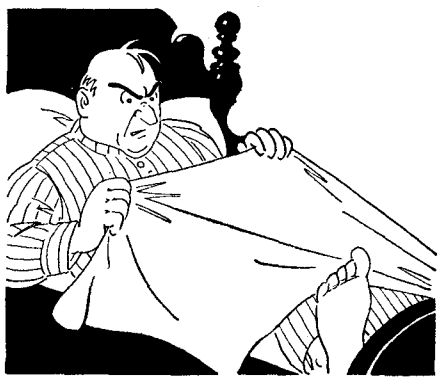

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The Prince of Wales Sees Red

Continued from page 16

"I am sure that new houses could come within the reach of the workingman if the building trade could reorganize itself somewhat and *if such a big return was not looked for.* . . .

"This nation cannot afford the perpetuation of the slums. No one can calculate what their cost really is. . . . Slums are radiating centers of disease, ill health and discontent. . . . What is the sense of treating slum dwellers and especially the slum children for disease and, when they are recovered, sending them back to the very center where disease is rife? *To me that is an appalling process of waste, inefficiency and expense.* Nor can the nation afford the moral and mental degradation which slum conditions create in those who inhabit them.

"Let public opinion awaken. . . . Every generation has a dominating social task and so let our age, our generation, be remembered as the one in which was swept away *this blot that disgraces our national life.*"

Princely Profanity

The Prince of Wales sits down. More cheers—hearty, ringing cheers, testifying to his enormous and unimpaired popularity.

But there are doubts in the breasts of some of the banqueters. Is not the heir to the British throne going a bit too far? Cannot he stick to the harmless pattern of the Guildhall speeches of yesteryear? Cannot he pay tribute to patriotism in well-rounded sentences of an extremely lofty moral tone, instead of making his hearers squirm uncomfortably, instead of causing them to feel as if they were actually breathing into their lungs the stench of dirty slum streets and infecting themselves with the foul diseases that are rife there? Cannot the Prince of Wales—

No, he cannot!

A new Prince of Wales is emerging from the Prince Charming who for so many years captivated the world with his easy manner and smiling face. That unconventional speech, made a few months ago in London's conventional Guildhall, is typical of this new prince—a serious prince, a purposeful prince, a prince unreconciled to the injustices inflicted by old traditions and unafraid of the dangers that may lurk in new doctrines. Independent to the point of rebelliousness, outspoken to the verge of audacity, so liberal as to appear, in the eyes of hidebound Britons, radical and even socialistic, this new Prince of Wales, who has just entered upon his fortieth year, is riding roughshod over prejudice and constantly worrying those ultra-conservative Britishers who have set ideas as to how royal scions should behave themselves.

Nevertheless, the Prince of Wales continues on his way. It has led him, of recent years, into wretched slums, into cheerless, tumble-down village dwellings, into the cramped and nauseating quarters in which workers in British mines and factories are compelled to make their homes. And on numerous occasions he has emerged from visits to these places—visits he might have made perfunctory and forgotten as soon as he had made them—livid and incoherent from rage. Once, not long ago, after inspecting the homes of miners in a particularly poverty-stricken section of England, he turned to the British newspaper reporters who were following close upon his footsteps and, pointing to the hovels from which he had just come, he blurted out:

"I call this sort of thing a —— shame!" The adjective which he used is the coarsest and most profane in the Briton's vocabulary and, by general consent, unprintable in the British realm. Pale with anger, gathering vehemence as he progressed, the prince continued to express himself about what he had just seen—and more than once he used the aforesaid adjective and others which are fit companions for it. The reporters listened in amazement.

"And you can say that I said so!" the prince added.

But, true to the conspiracy of silence which is the most effective bulwark of British conservatism, the reporters did not telegraph to their papers what the Prince of Wales had said. It was far too radical, far too disrespectful to time-honored British institutions.

"It would simply have raised hell!" I was told by one who had got the story at first hand.

There are two main reasons for that deep interest of the Prince of Wales in the working classes of the realm over which he will rule some day, which, to the minds of some of his subjects, savors so strongly of radicalism and, to a few of them, looks so startlingly like socialism. The first is the fact of his having associated during the World War with men in the humblest walks of life, all joined in the cause of fighting for England.

The second reason is the democratic nature of his contacts on the long journeys which he has been taking since the war to the British dominions and other lands, as Britain's "ambassador of good will." As was the case in the days when the prince roughed it in the trenches, these journeys—which, owing to their avowed object of fostering British trade relations, earned him the nickname of "Prince of Sales"—have brought him close to men of all classes and made it impossible for one of his sympathetic outlook to assume, on his return home, that devotion to the interests of a single class which some Britons think is the proper attitude for the heir to a throne.

The liberalism thus inculcated has been enormously increased by his frequent visits to the unfortunate dwellers in the slums of England, and by the first-hand knowledge thus derived of the wretchedness of their lives. Indeed, this liberal trend of mind, according to persons who know him well, has become the foundation of his whole character; so much so that it will find constant expression in his acts when he succeeds to the British throne.

"When he becomes king," I was told in London, "he will simply turn things upside down!"

One of the Boys

Some of the experiences of the prince in the war were of a sort well calculated to breed "radicalism" in his impressionable nature. Once, without permission of the aides who, to his great disgust, followed him wherever he went, he borrowed a bicycle and set out alone on a little unofficial trip to the front lines, just to see what war was really like. On his return to headquarters he lost his way and was discovered hours later by a distracted aide, hidden away in a shell-hole uncomfortably near the German trenches, where he was unconcernedly playing cards with a bunch of Tommies.

Another time, having observed how all the Tommies were forced to have their letters censored before being allowed to send them home to wives or sweethearts, and seeing no good reason why his own correspondence should be treated differently, the prince shoved a letter which he had just written over the shoulder of an officer detailed to do the censoring for that day. Without looking around, the officer read a few lines of it and realized that it was from the Prince of Wales to King George V. Jumping from his seat, he faced the young man who had just handed him the letter and said respectfully:

"The correspondence of Your Royal Highness needs no censoring."

"Nonsense!" rejoined the prince. "Why shouldn't you censor what I write? Go ahead and read my letter to the end and see if there's anything wrong with it." And so much in earnest was he that the officer did as he had been asked and handed the letter back, with an official assurance duly stamped on its envelope that there was nothing within calculated to give aid and comfort to the Germans. I can vouch for the accuracy of this story because it was told to me by the officer who acted as the prince's censor.

Practicing What He Preaches

Incidentally, nothing illustrates better the independence of mind of the Prince of Wales and his stubbornness in the face of century-old prejudice as his refusal to get married. The spectacle of an heir to one of the world's proudest thrones unmarried in his fortieth year is well-nigh unprecedented; yet he continues obdurate against the incessant pressure exerted upon him by his father and the rest of the members of the British royal family, as well as by the whole weight of monarchical tradition.

The fact of the matter is that he has made up his mind to marry only as his fancy dictates. Yet, at the same time, he is not quite so radically inclined as to marry a "commoner"—such a step would be too great a blow not only for his royal relatives but for the great mass of monarchically minded British—so he prefers remaining single to tying himself to some princess for reasons of state and nothing else.

And hereby hangs a tale.

The prince's sister, Princess Mary, was married some years ago to Viscount Lascelles, a man without royal blood in his veins. The viscount takes his position as her consort very seriously indeed—to the considerable amusement of his brother-in-law, the Prince of Wales. Not long ago, when the prince has been going about in an especially care-free manner, associating with all sorts of persons and making speeches of an alarmingly socialistic trend, an aged and very conservative peer was deputed by the royal family to remonstrate with him and remind him that there was a limit to what the future King of England could properly do in the way of hail-fellow-well-met fraternizing.

So the old peer tackled the prince. The prince warmly defended his conduct. The discussion grew violent. Finally the nobleman, angered by the prince's obstinacy, told him straight from the shoulder:

"Your Royal Highness, you are growing every day commoner and commcner!"

The prince, instead of flying into a rage, burst out laughing, and, when he had recovered himself, said to the old peer:

"Well, if I am growing commoner

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and commoner, remember that my brother-in-law, Lascelles, is growing every day royaler and royaler!"

As proof that his interest in bettering slum conditions has nothing perfunctory about it, the Prince of Wales is rapidly qualifying as an ideal landlord, thus forestalling critics only too eager to accuse him of not practicing what he preaches. In London he owns whole blocks of low-priced flats which he is turning into models of their kind. To these he pays frequent visits; and, to see that they are kept up to the mark by those in charge, he is constantly asking questions of the tenants and listening to their grievances. While I was in London recently he inaugurated two blocks of these model tenements, in the Kennington section, which are part of his London holdings. Although fitted with the most up-to-date improvements, these flats, which are of three and four rooms each, are rented, respectively, at the very low rate of 15 shillings and one pound a week—about $3.65 and $4.85, at the normal rate of exchange.

Practical Popularity

Some portion of the interest shown by the Prince of Wales in the poorer classes of his realm and a certain percentage of his radical tendencies are undoubtedly a matter of dynastic expediency. No royal family in the world has sensed so promptly and thoroughly the trend of the times as the royal family of Britain. King George V has endeared himself to his subjects—especially since the war—by his wholehearted devotion to what he considers to be his duty toward them.

In him there is scarcely a trace of the aloofness and belief in the "divine right of kings" usually associated with monarchs. His ideal is service to his country. The same is true of his consort, Queen Mary; and their example has strongly influenced the conduct of their four sons, notably that of the Prince of Wales.

There is a good reason behind his constant visits to slums, his speech-making ("I hate making speeches!" he recently confided to some old schoolmates) and his strong interest in the welfare of the British lower classes. Though the British are the most loyal people in the world to the monarchical tradition, they have also been foremost in whittling down the powers of their kings—witness how they sent one of them, Charles I, to the scaffold, because he clung to the old despotic idea of monarchy.

Since the war, the tendency toward radicalism, toward an increased importance of the lower classes in the affairs of the nation, has been plainly evident. And the members of the British royal family have drawn the necessary conclusions. Britain is as remote from anything resembling the French Revolution as a country could possibly be, and three fourths of the reason for this is the unshakable loyalty of the British nation to the British royal family. The other one fourth, it must never be forgotten, is the way the British royal family behaves itself.

King George V may be every inch a king; but he is also every inch a servant of his people. And his eldest son, the Prince of Wales, is going him one better in this respect, now that he is no longer a young Prince Charming, and feels the responsibilities of his present and future position weighing ever more heavily upon him.

Naturally, his democratic ways and his outspokenness, verging frequently on downright radicalism, are endearing him more and more to the great mass of the British lower classes. Whenever he goes among them, officially or unofficially, he is greeted with enthusiasm. There can be no doubt that, when he is called upon to ascend the throne, he will embark upon his reign with a popularity among his humbler subjects wellnigh unprecedented in history.

And yet—there are those among the extreme radicals of England who view this popularity with misgivings. They would prefer a haughtier heir to the throne; one who shunned contact with the lowlier element among his subjects; one who reminded the latter constantly of the enormous gulf between them and him. The prince's cheerful fraternizing with persons "beneath" him is by no means palatable to these extremists. Here is how they arrive at their attitude:

They are dead against the capitalistic system and will never be satisfied until it is swept from the earth. As they see it, the apex of the capitalistic system in England is the king. When it goes, he must go (yes, despite the loyalty to the throne, which is almost universal among the British, these extremists actually dare to visualize a future Britain without a monarch!). Now, if the Prince of Wales were a haughty scion of royalty, he would be unpopular by the time he ascended the throne, and would thus bring nearer the end of the British monarchy. But, in view of his enormous personal popularity, especially among the masses, he will undoubtedly be hailed with delight by the latter when he becomes king, and will, therefore, postpone the triumph of radicalism.

Such an attitude makes extremely delicate the position of those Britons —labor leaders and others—who seek a bridge between the upper and the lower classes. This is particularly true of that well-known laborite, J. H. Thomas, familiarly called Jim Thomas, who divides his time between piloting the masses toward a better lot and partaking of caviar and champagne with the lords and ladies of the British realm. Recently, the Prince of Wales, at one of the numerous banquets which he is compelled to attend, saw Thomas among the guests and, with a grin on his face, proceeded to tell those present that he had just received a letter from an anonymous correspondent which included the following angry fling: "If you persist in calling Jim Thomas your friend, you will make him even more swell-headed than he is now!"

"In spite of this warning," continued the prince, "I want to say that I am proud to call Mr. Thomas my friend."

Whereupon Thomas got upon his feet and said:

"I do not doubt that His Royal Highness finds it embarrassing at times to acknowledge that he is a friend of mine. But I wish to assure him that his embarrassment is as nothing compared to mine when I have to acknowledge that I am a friend of his!"

Hard to Please

This sally was received with roars of joy, as an excellent joke—but, underneath the humor, there was a sediment of grim truth. Jim Thomas, who has risen from the masses to membership in the British Cabinet, was referring only too plainly to the kind of reception which he is only too likely to get when he goes from a banquet where he has hobnobbed with the Prince of Wales to a scowling conclave of extreme radicals, to whom life is primarily a struggle between the privileged few and the disinherited many.

So his case is similar to that of the prince—Thomas cannot please the extreme radicals and the prince can please neither them nor the extreme conservatives. Which only goes to show how difficult it is in this world to please everybody!

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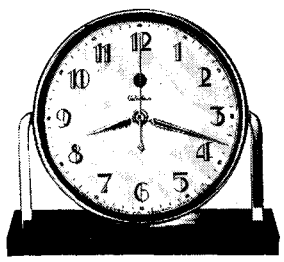

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The Man without Nerves

Continued from page 24

the sergeant would crawl back into bed, cursing the curiosity of people who went about at this hour of the night. If anything was to be done, he decided, he must do it alone.

He had a moment's ugly recollection of something which might have been in the hand of the man who had accosted him, a recollection which brought him a fresh instinct of hesitation. In the end, however, his spirit of enterprise prevailed. He stole back to the garage, helped himself to the shorter and thicker of the two walking sticks which he kept there, slipped a flashlight into his pocket and started out on his brief adventure.

The first part of it was easy enough, for, although the darkness remained intense, he knew his way too well to make a mistake. He reached the pine woods and slackened his pace, walking almost on tiptoe, for here he was within hearing of the scene of his adventure. The car, he decided, must still be there, or he would have heard it start. Before him, only a few yards away, were the two bungalows. Here he came to a sudden standstill. The farther one, which was occupied by the servant of Madame de Sayal, was dark and silent, but from the nearer one there was a faint chink of light where the curtains failed to meet. This was the bungalow in which all Sandywayes was interested—the home of the unknown lady.

ANTHONY SARSON stood, mute and motionless, out of the possible sight of any human being so long as he remained where he was in the shadow of the thickly growing pine trees. His eyes were fixed upon that thin pencil of light between the curtains in the living-room of the bungalow. He concentrated every nervous effort of which he was capable upon the task of listening, closing his eyes and turning his head first in one direction, then another. Not a sound. The far-away rumble of a train seemed to make even more intense the stillness close at hand. He opened his eyes. The thread of light from the window had become, he fancied, a shade wider. He watched it eagerly. The necessity for action of some sort was beginning to oppress him. He felt inclined to tiptoe his way to the window, stoop down and play the complete eavesdropper. Why not? What was there to be ashamed of? Why should there be a light in a lonely dwelling like this at three o'clock in the morning within a hundred yards of the spot where he had encountered that mysterious motor car?

He made up his mind for action quite suddenly. He stole across the carpet of pine needles, into which the soles of his dancing shoes sank noiselessly. He leaned toward the crack of light and peered in. Nothing. Just a segment of a room. He drew back with a little gasp. Something impelled him to turn his head towards the steep ascent which led to the byway. The trees grew less thickly there. There was a glimmer of wan light like the opening of a cave. He strained his eyes until they ached.

As the seconds passed he knew that he was right: absolutely motionless, the dark figure of a man was standing barely thirty feet away! Face and figure were alike invisible. It was just a shape—scarcely more—yet in those breathless few seconds of strained watching the figure gave Anthony the impression that he too was standing there as a sentinel—watching. Very slowly Anthony abandoned his crouching attitude. Flattening himself against the wall, he raised himself to his full height and gripped the stick in his right hand. Before he could move, however, other strange things had happened. The chink of light faded into darkness, the door behind him was noiselessly opened, a white arm stole out into the blackness and his hand was gripped. He heard a soft voice in his ear:

"Don't speak. Come."

HE WAS drawn through the open door into a well of darkness. Behind him he heard the door close, shut with a spring lock. He could hear soft and rapid breathing close at hand, caught a breath of unfamiliar but strangely delicate perfume.

"Stay where you are," the voice whispered. "Don't move till I tell you."

The voice came to Anthony again.

"What were you doing up against my window?"

"I was trying to see in," Anthony replied. "There was a chink between the curtains."

She drew them both tightly together. He fancied from the sound of her footsteps that she was examining the curtains at the other windows. In time she was apparently satisfied. A soft light broke out in the room. Anthony saw her for the first time. Her face was as marble white as the gown in which she was wrapped—a soft, filmy affair of lace and chiffon fastened around her with a girdle. In her eyes was fear.

"Why did you want to see into my room?" she asked. "Speak quietly, please."

"There was a strange car in the byway when I came home half an hour ago," he said. "I fancied that there must be something wrong. I came back again to see."

"You live down in what they call the Oasis?"

"Yes."

"Well, did you find anything wrong?"

"There's a man standing about thirty feet away just outside the wood," he confided. "I was just going to speak to him when you drew me in."

A shivering little moan seemed to come trembling from her lips.

"And the car?" she murmured.

"I do not know," he answered. "I have not been as far as that yet. I was attracted by the light in your room."

"Who was in the car when you passed it?"

"No one, so far as I could see. There was a chauffeur or a police official standing with it."

"Do you think anyone can see a light now?"

"I should think not," he answered, examining the curtains. "Tell me, had you any visitors tonight?"

"Is that any concern of yours?"

"I suppose it isn't," he admitted. "Still, this is a very quiet corner of the world. Unusual happenings seldom come our way."

"Really? Yet I am told that a man committed suicide in one of your sacred houses there only a few days ago."

"That's true," he acknowledged. "Such a thing has never happened before."

SHE walked the length of the room and back again. She was carrying in her hand a fragment of fine cambric crumpled into a ball.

"Tonight," she confided, "I am afraid. There is something about I don't understand. What is your name?"

"Anthony Sarson."

"I know," she said. "You live near the post office and you have a pretty sister. Do you often come out looking for adventures at this hour of the morning?"

"Never—upon my honor," he assured her. "I came home late from a dance at Godalming. It was the car which intrigued me. I came up to see what it meant."

"Yes. And then?"

He realized that she was in a terribly nervous state.

"Don't you remember? I told you," he said gently, "that I saw a light in your window and I looked in. It was a mean thing to do, perhaps, but it was simply because I meant to help anyone who was in trouble. Then I saw that motionless figure quite close, then your arm came out and drew me in and here I am."

"I was afraid," she confessed. "I had seen that figure too."

"I cannot imagine," he said, "why you live up here alone, if you are at all nervous."

"I have a servant in the next bungalow. I am not really alone. I have been in more dangerous places."

"I think," he went on, after a moment's pause, "that you had better let me go. I will see what that man is doing about the place and try to get to the bottom of the mystery of the car."

"Yes," she agreed. "I suppose you had better go. You cannot stay here. Will you take my advice?"

"If it is good," he answered, smiling.

"Don't go any higher up," she begged. "Go down the way you came."

"But I want to find out about that man who is hanging round," he pointed out. "He may come and annoy you. I should like to find out if the car is still there too."

"TAKE my advice," she implored. "Do not meddle with things you do not understand. I wish I could keep you here until it is light, but I dare not. Wait! Take a drink before you go."

She motioned him towards a small table by the side of the wall. There were a decanter of whisky and a decanter of brandy and three glasses. He gave a little start as he moved towards them. Two of the glasses had been used. Two bottles of soda water had been opened.

"Will you help yourself, please?" she invited. "Help yourself and then you must go. You can do nothing for me. I do not wish you to come to any harm."

"You are very kind."

He poured himself out some whisky and opened the remaining bottle of soda water.

"Can't I give you something?" he asked.

She shook her head:

"Nothing, thank you. Do you mind drinking quickly and going?"

"I promise you I will drink quickly," he said. "I was thirsty before I left Godalming."

"I drew you in here," she said, "because I was afraid that you might come to harm, and I never like innocent people to suffer. Promise me something. Anything you have noticed tonight or seen you will keep to yourself—you will never speak of?"

"I promise, certainly."

"If you have a suspicion," she went on feverishly, "that I have had a visitor, you will forget it?"

"I will forget it."

"Then go now, please," she pleaded. "Look—take this."

She picked up a small revolver from a table close at hand.

"I hope you will not need it," she

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said, "but you might. It will be safer to have it, at any rate."

He looked at the weapon curiously. It was a very up-to-date affair, loaded in five chambers. He touched the sixth and looked at her. She pushed him away.

"Never mind," she begged. "No questions, please. I give you that for your protection. Never bring it back. I never want to see it again."

He slipped it into his pocket. She led him towards the door. It opened noiselessly.

"Straight home," she insisted. "Leave the hill alone."

"Very well," he answered.

The door closed behind him almost at once. The darkness seemed, if possible, to have become more intense. He groped his way for a yard or two, ran into a tree and swore softly to himself. Then came the shock. He had no warning. He heard no sound. There was not the slightest indication of any living person, only a thunderous blow at the back of his head, so overwhelming that his tongue was palsied. Not a cry came from his lips. The earth sank beneath his feet. He was unconscious even before he collapsed upon the bed of pine needles.

CHIEF among Anthony Sarson's confused emotions in struggling back to consciousness was his ecstatic appreciation of the luxury of his immediate surroundings. He seemed to feel again the cataclysmic blow which had transported him into a world of oblivion, but, side by side with that, triumphing even over his insistent headache, was a sense of intense comfort. He was lying underneath a silken coverlet upon the outside of the softest bed he had ever known. The bandage around his head was deftly and comfortably fastened.

By the side of the bed stood a pitcher of water, a tumbler and a small silver gong. Leaning against the latter was a penciled message upon a square card: "*Ring the gong when you are awake.*"

He turned on his side and obeyed instructions. The silvery sound had scarcely died away before the door was opened and the lady of the bungalow came in. She moved at once to the bedside. She was wearing an artist's smock over her morning gown, and the agony of the night seemed to have passed. There was a note of pleasant interest in her inquiry:

"You are feeling better?"

"Yes," he answered. "What happened to me?"

She raised her eyebrows.

"I suppose," she sighed, "just what I was trying to save you from when I drew you into the bungalow. Anyhow, I heard footsteps and the sound of a dull thud. I used my flashlight then boldly, and when I saw you there lying on the ground I put on my coat and went out. I found you very heavy and had to telephone over to the other bungalow for my servant. I could see that you had received a blow on the head and I did what I could to bandage that. If you had not recovered consciousness in a few minutes I was going to telephone for the doctor."

"I'm all right now," he said slowly. "I'm afraid I've been an awful nuisance. I tried to keep my word to you too."

"You saw nothing of the man who struck you?"

The young man's face darkened.

"I wish to God I had!"

She meditated.

"Your last night's expedition," she observed, "appears to have been remarkably ineffective."

"It was," he admitted. "It might have been worse, though, so far as I am concerned. I might have lain out there all night, I suppose, but for you."

"I really ought to have left you there," she murmured.

He struggled up into a sitting posture.

"You could not have done that," he assured her. "You are much too kind-hearted."

The lady laughed. She laughed in a strange, intriguing sort of fashion but still with all the elements of humor.

"One travels and one learns," she observed. "I have been called many things—not always kind-hearted! Are you well enough to go home before there is a fuss made about you?"

"I don't want to go in the least," he protested, struggling to his feet, "but I suppose I'd better. I shall go and have a word or two with my friend the sergeant of police."

"You will do nothing of the sort."

He looked at her in surprise. The worst of it was that, except for the joy of regarding an exquisite piece of human statuary, it was of no use looking at her. There was very seldom the slightest expression in her face. It was so at the present moment.

"I have saved you," she reminded him quietly, "a considerable amount of discomfort, if not worse. I did my best last night, when I offered you the shelter of my bungalow, to save you altogether. You owe me perhaps some gratitude."

"I am deeply grateful," he told her.

"It is for you to prove that."

"In what manner?"

"Cannot you understand that I do not wish my name associated with any gossip in this small neighborhood?" she said. "I do not wish my name, for instance, to appear in the paper or for the police to be making inquiries around my bungalow in search of your assailant. I should prefer you either to keep silent about your hurt, which, let me warn you in your own interests, would be much wiser, or, if you speak of it at all, say that you fell and hit the back of your head against a gate."

He reflected for a few moments.

"And the car?" he asked. "Am I to keep silent about that too?"

"You can mention having seen it on your return home from Godalming," she told him. "Of your second visit up here you should say nothing."

"All right," he promised. "But how am I to get back home with this bandage round my head?"

"I am going to take it off," she confided. "There is no wound whatever. It was simply a blow which might have produced concussion."

"Very easily, I should think," he said, tapping it tentatively.

"DO YOU feel well enough to go now?" she asked him. "It is a quiet time. All your friends down below are lunching. I should prefer that you were not seen leaving my bungalow. You must say that you lay in the wood all night."

"I won't forget."

"Stay where you are for a minute," she enjoined.

She disappeared and a moment or two later he heard what sounded like the tinkling of ice in a shaker. She reappeared with a small tumbler filled with some frothing yellow liquid, and a biscuit which she carried in her fingers.

"Drink this," she directed. "Take a mouthful of the biscuit too."

He drained the contents of the tumbler to the last drop and he felt the warmth and vigor of it in his blood.

"That was the most wonderful drink I ever had," he declared.

She opened the door and stood on the threshold for a moment, looking down the valley.

"So far as one can tell," she announced, turning round, "this is the moment for your departure. Remember, wherever you lay through the night it was not here, and whoever took care of

(Continued on page 44)

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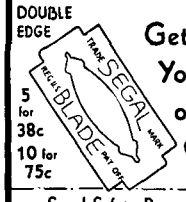

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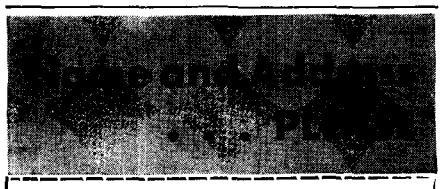

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(Continued from page 43)

your head it was not I. I impress this upon you because you may find out later that other strange things have happened, and I do not wish to seem connected with them in any way."

"I shall keep my promise," he assured her, lingering for a moment.

"May I come and see you again?" he begged.

"Yes," she replied with unexpected promptness. "I should like you to come and see me this evening between nine and ten, when I shall be sitting out here under the pines. I should like you to tell me then whether your explanations have been accepted. There are a few other questions, too, which perhaps I may ask."

"Between nine and ten this evening," he repeated.

"Not later."

Her hand gently impelled his shoulders. He passed, staggering a little, out into the sunlight and, already mindful only to do her will, he made his way hastily from the proximity of the bungalow into the footpath. The sunlight and the strength of the mixture which he had drunk rendered him for a moment almost giddy. He made his way carefully downwards. With every breath of fresh air he seemed to feel stronger. Then at the bend he came to an abrupt standstill. He passed his arm round the trunk of a pine tree and leaned against it. His eyes were turned eagerly downwards. Disturbance seemed to be once more abroad in the Oasis. Before the creeper-covered police station two cars were standing. A small knot of people were talking excitedly in the middle of the road.

ANTHONY, as he recommenced his descent, remembered with a sinking heart his own peculiar condition, his crumpled evening clothes and his wildly ruffled hair. There was no means of escape, however, for already he had been discovered. When he came into clearer sight he became at once the cynosure of wondering eyes. Someone ran into the police station. Tom, the village constable, stepped out. He stared at Anthony as though he were a ghost, and called back over his shoulder. The sergeant emerged from the doorway, gave one look at the approaching figure and hurried to meet him. Anthony, now really giddy with the hot sun blazing upon his head, slackened his speed and paused, holding on to the white railings. Tyssen, who seemed to have appeared from nowhere, stood by his side.

"Where on earth have you sprung from in that condition?" he asked.

"Looks as though you had been out all night, Mr. Anthony," the sergeant observed with a frown.

"I'll tell you what there is to tell when I have changed and had a bath," Anthony promised him. "What's the trouble here?"

"Haven't you heard?" Tyssen asked quickly.

"I've not heard a thing," Anthony replied. "So far as I am concerned, to cut a long story short, after I had brought Miss Cresset home early this morning I had a fancy to make my way back to the byroad. There was a car there when I passed, and I was curious about it. Well, you know how dark it was. I slipped, fell backwards and hit my head against the gate. I must have been lying there unconscious for four or five hours."

"Meet anyone up there?" the sergeant asked.

"Not a soul. What's wrong?"

"Did you hear anything?"

"Nothing to take note of. Why?"

"They found a dead man this morning in the wood close to the byway," the sergeant recounted. "His body is lying there in the police station now."

"My God!"

Anthony was giddy once more. The heat, the pain in his head, the horror of the news he had heard confused him. Just in time Tyssen gripped him by the arm.

"Brace up, man," he enjoined. "The doctor is in there. He'd better have a look at you. You may have hurt your head."

"I shall be all right as soon as I can have a drink and get out of the sun," Anthony assured them. "Who is the dead man? Was it—an accident?"

The sergeant shook his head gravely.

"Worse than that, sir, by all appearance," he replied. "He's got a revolver bullet straight through the heart—in just the same place as poor Mr. Jesson."

A little sobbing breath found its way through Anthony's tense lips. He gripped at Tyssen's shoulder for support.

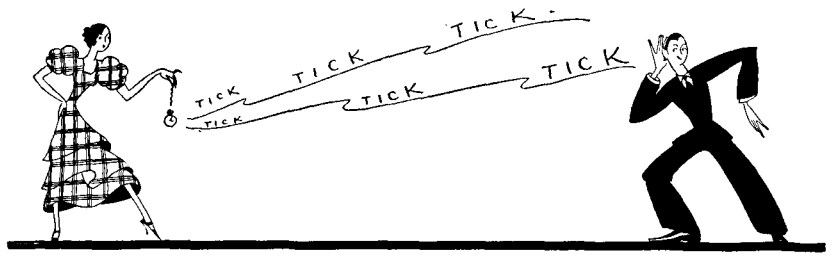
"Who was he? Did he belong here?"

The sergeant shook his head again:

"Not to my knowledge. There's not one of us has ever seen him before."

Anthony pulled himself together with a great effort.

"I'll go and change my clothes and get something," he announced, stagger-



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Not all ear troubles result in deafness. Sometimes an abnormal nervous condition brings on hyperacusia, an acute sense of hearing in which many common noises sound like cannon reports. One victim of this disorder could hear a watch tick 30 feet away, or 18 times farther than a normal person.—*By Kathryn M. Deinnigan, Westport, Connecticut.*

A recent survey made in 800 cities of the 48 states by the Women's Bureau in Washington shows that there are about 50,000 women—homeless, friendless and jobless — roaming around this country today, a large number of whom sleep nightly in the hobo "jungles" on the outskirts of the bigger cities.

Not only are there thousands of radio entertainers broadcasting daily from coast to coast without receiving a penny for their services, but there are frequent instances in which the performer himself is paying the station for the privilege.

The world's oldest court of justice is the "tribunal of the Waters" that has been held weekly in Valencia, Spain, for 972 years. Eight judges hear cases concerning the vast water system of the province and quickly render their verbal decisions, which are not subject to argument or appeal.—*By Margaret H. Ashdown, Barcelona, Spain.*

Austria, Hungary and Roumania now are producing iodized hen's eggs for persons with maladies that require iodine. The chickens are fed food and water containing such large quantities of iodine that the iodine content of their "medical eggs" is 560 times greater than that of other eggs.

The longest shadow in the world is that of El Titon Peak on Teneriffe, the largest of the Canary Islands. This peak rises abruptly 12,200 feet above the Atlantic and at sunrise and sunset it casts a shadow more than 200 miles.

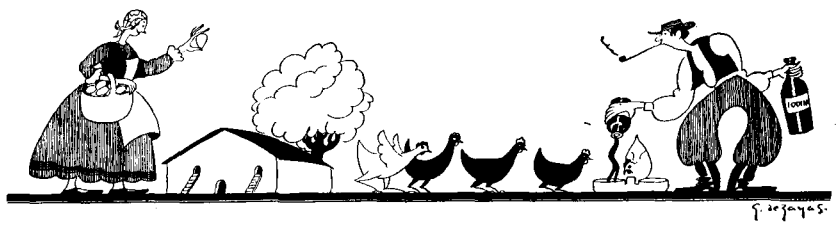
The best trained memories on earth are those of the men who operate the one-man shadow shows of Java. They speak all the lines of the numerous puppets used in the plays which sometimes run for eight nights. Their repertoire, consisting of hundreds of dramas, requires about 30 years to perfect.—*By Peter Leey, Batavia, Java.*

Despite the fact that grand juries have for years played an important part in the administration of criminal justice in this country, they have fallen largely or entirely into disuse today in 24 states.

Few Americans realize how the Versailles Treaty personally affected millions of Europeans. When it remade the map of Europe in 1919, it "moved" nearly 30,000,000 persons into other countries—foreign to them in nationality, tradition and language—thus radically changing their lives.

Each year Japan observes a "Godless Month" during which time few if any persons visit the temples. The gods are supposed to be absent from them on their annual visit to the Mikado at the imperial palace.—*By Elizabeth Starrett, Glenellyn, Illinois.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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ing across to the open gate of his house. "I'll come straight into the police station as soon as I pull myself together a bit."

The domestic staff of "The Haven" were all gathered together in the back premises discussing the startling event of the night, so that Anthony was able to open the door, climb the stairs and reach the bathroom unobserved. As he flung his coat on to the floor a metallic sound attracted his dazed attention. He picked up the coat and thrust his hand into the pocket. Very slowly he drew out a hard object he found there and held it in his hand, gazing at it blankly. He glanced furtively towards the bathroom door to be sure it was locked. He turned the thing over. Then he remembered. It was the revolver with one barrel discharged, which the lady of the bungalow had thrust upon him!

ANTHONY, leaving the house half an hour later to report at the police station, was annoyed to find Tyssen seated under the cedar tree in the garden, talking to Pauline. The latter sprang up with a brief exclamation as her brother approached.

"Tony!" she cried. "My dear Tony! Is it true that you have only just come home? What on earth happened?"

"I can't stop to talk now. They're waiting for me in the police station."

"That's quite true," Tyssen chimed in. "I shouldn't keep them waiting any longer if I were you, Mr. Sarson. I'll come in with you if I may."

Anthony's reply was not overgracious. Somehow or other, Tyssen, this morning, exasperated him.

"Scooping up more material for the book?" he asked as he pushed open the gate.

Tyssen threw away his cigarette and began to roll another.

"Can't you see," he began eagerly, "it is all wonderful material for me? The trouble is that no one can identify this fellow. You are about our last hope."

"Am I?" Anthony rejoined curtly. "Well, you have not much to live for, then. If none of the others here know him by sight I'm not likely to. See you later."

Anthony's attempt to dispense with his companion was, however, unsuccessful.

"The sergeant says he doesn't mind my hanging round," the latter explained. "I want to have one more look at the body. It helps one to work up the thrills."

Anthony made no further protest. The sergeant himself opened the door and led the way into the back room. A mattress had been laid upon the floor and the blinds drawn. The body of the dead man was covered with a sheet which the sergeant, with clumsy but reverent fingers, drew carefully away.

"One shot straight through the heart," he pointed out. "A shot fired at close quarters, the doctor seems to think. Ever seen him before, sir?"

Anthony shook his head.

"Thank God I have not," he exclaimed in a tone of relief. "He's nothing to do with these parts, that's certain."

The face of the dead man was not a pleasant sight to look upon. Though many hours must have passed since the tragedy, the hallmark of a shuddering fear seemed to linger upon his features. He was inclined to be stout and heavy in build, and with something rather Jewish in his appearance. A small black mustache covered his upper lip, his hair and eyebrows were of the same color. His studs were very beautiful pearls, his linen of the finest, and his evening clothes, Anthony saw at once, had been fashioned by a much better tailor than his own. In a bowl by the side were the articles which had been taken from his pockets—a platinum cigarette case with a lighter to match, keys attached to a gold chain, and a pocketbook, amply filled but containing only bank notes.

"Have you searched everywhere for visiting cards?" Anthony inquired. "There might be a flap to the pocketbook."

The sergeant smiled a trifle superciliously.

"There was no visiting card in the pocketbook," he announced, "nor in any of his other pockets. There are over a hundred pounds' worth of notes, though, and his jewelry is valuable. Whoever did him in didn't do it for robbery."

"Where was the body found?" Anthony asked, his heart sinking even as he was framing the question.

"Up in the wilderness just beyond the bungalows, about a couple of yards in the wood from the byway."

"The doctor has seen him, of course?"

The sergeant nodded patiently.

"The doctor has been here twice and has examined him thoroughly. Thinks he must have been dead at least six hours when the body was brought in. He's gone off now to fetch an ambulance to take the body to the mortuary at Godalming."

"Who found him?"

"Two caddies going down to the golf club along the byway. They saw his white shirt gleaming behind a clump of bracken. One of them came squealing down here and the other stayed in charge."

"Is anyone guarding the place where the body was found?" Anthony inquired.

"That's the first question I asked."

Both men swung round. Tyssen was standing behind them, his fascinated eyes fixed upon the dead body.

"The first question I asked, wasn't it, Sergeant?" he repeated in a rasping tone. "I said that they had better telephone to Scotland Yard and that, until someone arrived, the place should be guarded. They might find the weapon. The best clue of all, that would be."

"Mr. Tyssen," the sergeant protested firmly, "I have allowed you a good many privileges, but we do not need to be told our business—especially by story writers. I was just about to tell Mr. Sarson that Inspector Penny of Scotland Yard is on his way down now and should arrive at any moment. Until he comes the constable from the village is guarding the spot where we found the body."

"Wonderful," Tyssen declared unctuously. "You seem to think of everything, Sergeant. I wonder whether there are any initials on the handkerchief."

"There was no handkerchief," the sergeant growled.

"Now, isn't that a strange thing?" Tyssen exclaimed. "A man turned out like that, some distance away from home, I should think, as no one can identify him, without a handkerchief."

THE sergeant turned his back upon the young man.

"We were rather hoping, sir," he said to Anthony, "that as you were up that way most of the night, you might have seen or heard something."

"I heard nothing whatever until I recovered consciousness a few minutes before I came down here," Anthony declared. "And as to seeing—well, it was the darkest night I ever remember. It was because of the darkness that I got the fall climbing over the gate."

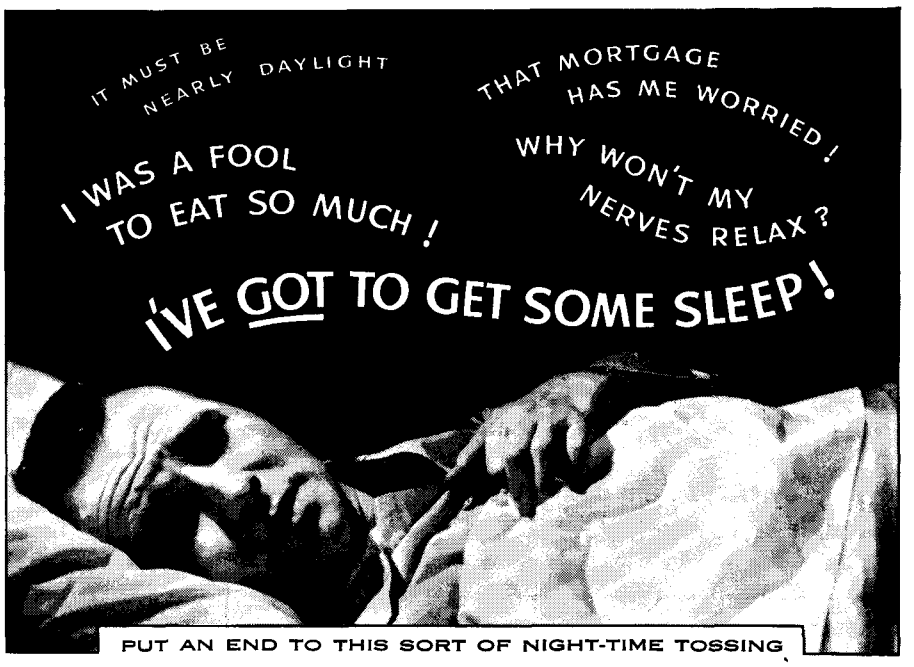
"What gate might that be, sir?"

"The gate leading from the top of the path into the byway," Anthony explained. "You know where I mean—just at the edge of the wood."

The sergeant stroked his stubbly brown mustache. An uneasy look had crept into his face.

"That's odd, sir," he remarked. *"You must have been within twenty yards of the spot where the body was found!"*

(To be continued next week)


IT MUST BE NEARLY DAYLIGHT
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I WAS A FOOL TO EAT SO MUCH!
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Third: Ovaltine supplies important food elements, the absence of which, in ordinary diet, leads to irritated nerves and sleeplessness.

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Our Miss Siren

Continued from page 11

did pop out, with, "Hi! Mr. Fowler—have we your address and phone number?"

They matched blushes as he gave the address and said, "My telephone—well, it isn't connected yet—but there's one in the hall and the janitor will call me. Now—now write, 'God bless you, lovely Miss Corbin!' "

She looked up at him and strove for a dignity she lacked by years and inches. "Mr. Fowler! This is a business office—I mean—it's a public—"

"Oh—is it? I thought it was an antechamber of heaven." He looked at her as over the tops of spectacles, and then he kissed her on the lips, as frankly as he would kiss a child.

"Darn you!" she said quietly. "And I thought— Oh, shoot!" and she darted back to her door.

Fowler went his way, as dizzy as though spun by a cyclone. Everything in his block seemed different. Even the grubby, whining, screeching kids, playing ball with an outfield constantly menaced by trucks, now were happy lads carrying out the traditions of the great old American game.

Janitor Linklater saw Bill Fowler approach and he averted his face, for he was ashamed. Bill Fowler couldn't pay his rent and Mr. Linklater was ashamed because he was going to have to put Mr. Fowler out.

"Yo!" cried Bill Fowler. "I got a job—and so have you. Come on up."

They went to Bill's little top-floor apartment and Bill fastened a big new canvas—already stretched and sized—to an easel and went right to work, with Mr. Linklater in robe and mirror, posing with a shaving brush—to represent a test tube—and a pencil.

MR. LINKLATER didn't realize that Bill wasn't painting his face and he kept his trampy countenance frozen into a smug expression which rattled Bill when he noticed it. And it was hard enough anyway to concentrate on Dr. Linklater—Seesy—without having Trina Corbin pose so vividly for him; for no matter where he looked, there she was, flushed, blue-eyed—gazing gravely at him and saying, "Oh, shoot!"

On the afternoon of the second day, when Bill and all his models were hard at work, a messenger boy came with a note. Printed at the top was: Memorandum from the Desk of Katherine Corbin. Under this was penciled, "When may we expect delivery, portrait Dr. Seesy?" It was signed, "K. Corbin."

Bill flew into a fury. "The old gag of harry and harass the artist!" He scratched out the K. Corbin message and lettered: Memo from the Dump of W. Fowler, and he wrote, "When I get it done. W. F."

After the boy had gone with it, Bill was ashamed, and the posing vision of Miss Corbin looked at him even more reproachfully.

On the following day he had the robed figure and arms and hands to his liking, and he had Dr. Seesy's head sketched in charcoal. Dr. Seesy's brow construction was in flat, bony planes. Mr. Linklater's noggin was low and rounded. Just as Bill had succeeded in wedging little rolls of paper under the strap so it would look as though it went around an angular head, and was concentrating nicely on Dr. Seesy's likeness, he was called to the telephone in the hall.

A voice said, "Mr. Fowlinger?"

"Fowler speaking."

"Oh, yair, I mean Fowler. Well, hold the wire, Mr. Fowler."

He waited and fumed.

Miss Corbin's voice came to him presently: "Mr. Fowler?"

"No!" he bellowed. "This is Admiral Farragut!"

"Please, Mr. Fowler—I'm sorry to have kept you waiting—but I was with Mr. Bass. They want you in conference right away—and please bring the portrait."

"I'm not a miracle man. I'm only a poor goof who paints pictures! The portrait is nowhere near done!"

"Just a minute, please."

He waited. She said, "Oh—when may we expect delivery?"

He said, between his teeth, *"I am not coming to any conference—please put a new boy on this job—it is driving me nuts!"* He hung up so hard he bent the hook, and a piece of hard rubber flew across the hall. He went back to his apartment and said, "That's all, Link. You've got a buck an hour coming to you for your time."

For half an hour he sat, his arms folded on his knees, and when he lifted his head it was only to render the razzberry at photographs of Dr. Seesy pinned around the edge of the canvas.

He didn't have a surplus dime. He had a carton of unpaid bills and he had a wad of pride so great he had tripped on it. He knew he had been very foolish, but he told himself he would work with a pick and shovel on Broadway before he'd let a dumb agency give him the runaround. And he made all the defenses he could for himself, but they didn't do a bit of good. He had been mean to that friendly, lovely redhead. For that there was no excuse.

About one o'clock there was a knock at the door. He shouted, "Come in!" expecting a boy from the agency to take away the Seesy data. He looked up to see Miss Corbin, very darling and absurdly businesslike in a little tailored suit with a silk blouse that made up in collar for what it lacked in corsage.

He said, "Oh, Trina!" and she said, "Oh, Mr. Fowler!" and in a moment they were in each other's arms.

After a time, Bill said, "Gosh, I'm awful glad to see you, Trina, but I don't want you to think Evil Artist Proves Modern Ogre in Big Studio Orgy."

"I won't," she said. "I just came to see what ails you, Bill. Why did you fly off the handle at me?"

He grinned. "Not at you, Trina. But—what horse likes the whip?"

"I'd think a man like you would have some reserve, some dignity, some understanding. First off you go kissing people in public hallways—like—like—" she floundered, and finished, "like a man running to be elected mayor."

"I don't usually—and how about you?"

With a burst of indignation that surprised him, she leaped up. "I don't! It wasn't me—it was you! Don't you say I did!"

He waved her to a chair with soothing gestures, and, after a few tosses of her head to rid herself wordlessly of the last of her temper, she said, "You think it's me that's pestering you. It isn't. I have to call you up when Mr. Bass tells me to, don't I? He always acts that way with artists. Says they are a lazy lot."

BILL waved an arm. "Trina—gaze on these humble surroundings."

Already she'd given the place a lightning feminine inventory. It didn't take a detective to see that this was the abode of a person once of substance, who had moved in hurriedly and hadn't done much about it since.

He said soberly, "Do you suppose I like being here in a tenement? I will admit I had this coming to me. I can't blame business or anything else. But was it laziness? Ha!" He pointed to closely stacked canvases three tiers high. "Misdirected zeal. I got too doggoned arty. A lot of that junk I can't understand myself, looking at it after a year or two—so how can I expect other people to be interested?"

On the floor near her foot was a page torn from an art catalogue. On it was a heel print, and paragraphs of biographical data. By twisting her head a little she could read it. There was quite a lot about Wilson Fowler, N. A.—29 and unmarried.

Mr. Fowler was talking on and on. Manlike, and wishing to know all about this girl who seemed so fascinating to him, he was crowding the air waves

"Will you be much longer? My wife sent me down to scare you away" *Laurence Reynolds*

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with chatter about himself and his views.

"—of course it would have been different if I had been willing to play the society portrait racket, as a lot of my friends do. It calls for having a handsome wife and sending her deploying around, getting invites to dinners and house parties so that when artist-hubby appears he can pretend dignified surprise when somebody teases him to do a portrait—at a price. Hah! Before I'd come to that I'd rather be a decent, respectable painter of hydrants and lamp-posts!"

Trina got up, gathered purse and gloves. "I have to go, Bill. Now don't pay any attention to us at the office. *Get right busy and let me know when* it's done. If I write or phone—meanwhile—please understand."

She gave him a friendly smile and held out her hand. "And don't forget you're Wilson Fowler, N. A."

He said, holding her hand, "All right, Katherine Corbin, S. A."

He said it foolishly, tactlessly—and yet innocently enough. Without looking at him she asked, "What was that? That S. A.?"

"Oh, you know how you advertising folks are always abbreviating. Why—S. A.—Sex Appeal."

SHE pulled her hand away from him and slapped his face so hard he stepped backward and put his foot through an old canvas, and she would have slammed the door behind her, only it sagged and stuck.

He called, "Trina!" at the top landing; "Katherine!" on the second; and at the street floor, frantically, "Miss Corbin!" but when he reached the sidewalk he couldn't even see her.

He was so upset and so thoroughly disgusted with himself that, although he got hold of Linklater again that afternoon, he couldn't accomplish anything. He tried three times to reach her on the telephone, but always, having to respond to the "Who's calling?" formula, he was told she was in conference.

The next day it was the same when he phoned; and the day after that he finished his work and delivered the painting. The paint still was wet and the canvas a large one and awkward to manage. And it irritated him to have passers-by turn their heads sideways to get a look at Doc Seesy in robe and mirror.

As he passed under a sidewalk canopy in front of a smart restaurant, three laughing people got out of a taxi. Mr. B. Warren Bass, Miss Katherine Corbin, and an arrogant, red-faced fellow who wasn't kidding anybody that he was helping Miss Corbin by holding her elbow—as she got out ahead of him.

They didn't see Mr. Fowler and his canvas. They went into the restaurant in high spirits, and the looks her two escorts were giving her made Bill want to kick them.

He wouldn't abandon the wet canvas until it had been delivered officially, so he sat for two hours in Bass' outer office. Bass and Trina came back without the other man. "Huh!" thought Bill Fowler, "you don't have to act so aloof and impersonal just because you're back in the office. I get the situation you're trumpeting."

Bill wouldn't look at Trina, nor she at Bill. Bass propped up the painting and inspected it. "Swell, Bill!" he said. "Good job. I mean—technically. Of course we'll have to have someone look at it for likeness—but if you ask me, old Doc Seesy has turned around after all these years and he's almost jumping at his public."

Bill picked up his hat and went home. Mr. Linklater met him in the hall, and held out the phone receiver. Mr. Bass calling. "Will you come right over? It's about some changes—"

Bill exploded. "I might have known it! By now every bright little office boy has had his look and his say! And I suppose somebody thinks Seesy ought to have whiskers!"

Bass tried to soothe him, and Bill said, "All right, I'll come right over, but I'll bring a paint box and I'll only make such changes as I can make right there!"

He stormed into Bass' office and said, "What is it? I suppose one of your geniuses has discovered I painted sleeve buttons with only three holes instead of four!"

"Aw, now, Bill," said Bass, and after a moment, "Trina!"

Miss Corbin came in. Bass said, "Just tell Mr. Fowler—er—your ideas about the Seesy job."

Surprised, she looked at her boss, and then she said quietly, "It was about the eyes, Mr. Fowler. It has been decided to have Dr. Seesy look right out of the picture—catch the eye of the onlooker, you see? What you call the 'following eye.'"

"I know exactly what you mean—and I spent hours getting those eyes so they wouldn't stare right at a person. It not only is cheap—it's sort of insulting—but never mind."

He went right to work, centering the pupils and bringing out the whites of Dr. Seesy's eyes so that at any point on the arc from which they could be seen, they picked you up and held you—as insistently as an expert panhandler.

Bass was delighted. Bill, having finished, slapped his things together and stalked away without a glance at Trina's open door.

"Crazy lot—these artists," said Bass a few moments later. "And Bill's so blamed unreasonable."

"So I've heard—but the next time—Oh, never mind. By the way, the sisters are coming down from Boston tomorrow to see the picture. We should have it in a decent frame to set it off."

"That's so. See about a frame, will you? Any cheap one will do."

She gave him a look and went back into her office to hunt up frame-makers' addresses.

MR. FOWLER repaired to his chambers and put in his full time at being miserable, and at bawling himself out for being ill-tempered. He was still at it the next day when he was called to the telephone. Someone said, "Mr. Fowler? Do you expect to be in for the next hour?"

"Why, yes—is—is this Miss Corbin?"

It was. She said, "We are sending a boy with your check."

"Thank you. Am I speaking to Miss Corbin? Trina! Trina—have dinner with me tonight! I want to—"

"I have an engagement. Goodby." Click!

He resumed work in the misery department where he had left off. "I have an engagement! Sure, I know. Entertaining the out-of-town buyer! That damned red-faced man!" he thought.

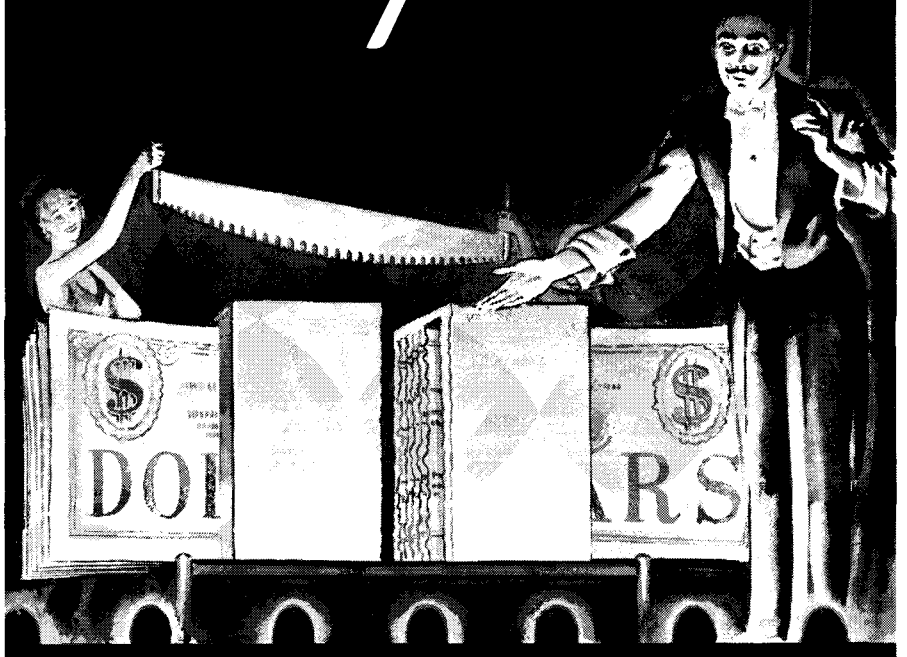
The boy came with the check. Even dumping out the carton of unpaid bills and paying every last one of them didn't give him a thrill.

The next day he bought a silk umbrella, a pair of silver candlesticks, a box of candy and one of stockings, and a pair of jade bracelets; and he came back home and rewrapped his purchases, and was starting for the door, when he suddenly thought: "No! A bird of my age would look hot, creeping into a business office with blushes and stammers, like a schoolboy giving the teacher an apple."

But he couldn't deny he craved to see Trina. So he set up a canvas and

(Continued on page 48)

No magic at all



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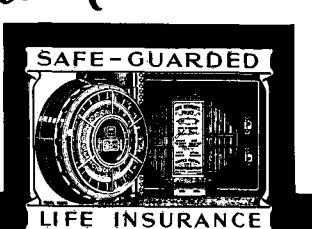

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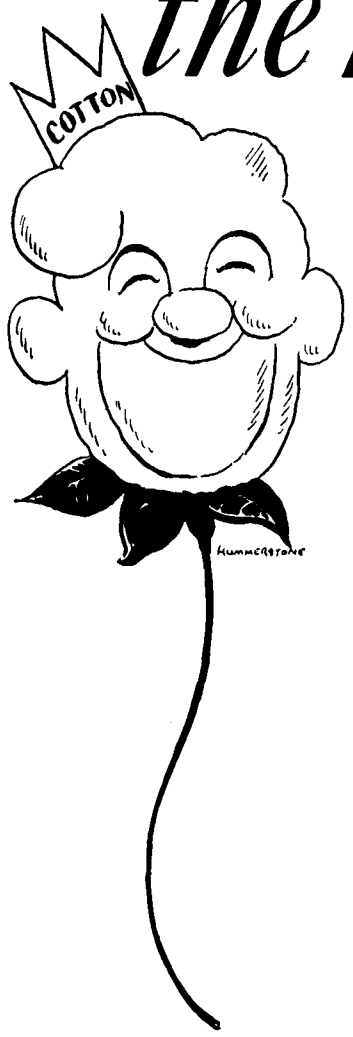
All... *the king's men*



DOWN South, old King Cotton is feeling mighty fine, suh! And so are all the King's men—those growers of one of America's most important farm products. For cotton is up $17 a bale. That means money, suh!

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THE Country Home

*NAME ON REQUEST

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

(Continued from page 47)

painted a head of her, very high in key, a spirited, lively job with the face alight and the hair aflame, and with all her tenderness in her eyes; and a generous, whimsically smiling mouth that could—could speak—

"Why, Bill Fowler—you shouldn't be trying to paint in this light!"

He whirled, spilling turps from his palette. At the open door was Trina in a cool, low-necked dress like the one she had on the first day, only the dots on this one were emerald-green.

Through the hall window, the sun sinking behind the Hudson shot a last beam at her and did perfectly to her red hair what Bill had been trying so hard to do.

She looked at the picture, and cried, "Bill! It's me! Gosh—how wonderful! —but I don't rate so much flattery!" She raved on about the canvas. Then she said, "I can only stay a minute. I have to see a man about a position—but I have news for you."

"A man? Position?"

SHE gestured for him to be quiet. "See how it pays to do even a distasteful job beautifully? Dr. Seesy's sisters are simply crazy about the portrait you did! I had dinner with them last night—and they want you to do portraits of them."

"Trina—no!"

"They wanted to know who you were —and Mr. Bass didn't want to say. Said it was one of the office men. He really wants to get their job for somebody else. But I went out with them and told them who you are. I hope you're not angry."

"Angry? Oh, Lord, Trina!"

"Wait. And Bass billed them seven hundred and fifty for the one you did of their brother—so that is what they expect to pay for each of theirs. I know it isn't your price, Bill—but they are getting old and sentimental, they say—and they're darling—and they have friends they are sure will want portraits, too!"

"Trina!" Bill got up. He said, "Trina—you did all this for me—after I was so—Trina! Come here!"

She shook her head. "No," she said, "you'd think it's just sex appeal."

"Darn you." He took her in his arms and kissed her.

She said, her voice muffled, "You didn't mean it—did you, Bill? I mean you don't think that of me? Don't you see that's all I'm in the office for—at least Mr. Bass told me so today."

"I'll break his back for him!"

"No—but when he gets stuck on a deal or something—he sends for me—and I'm supposed to have wiles. Bill, I haven't any wiles, have I? And it wasn't my idea about those eyes. It was Bass' and he was afraid to tell you. And yesterday when I got just the right frame for your picture—so it would look nice when the sisters saw it—we had a row."

"On *my* account? Aw—*that's* a shame."

"No—on mine. He said he didn't want the 'office siren' to be messing in with the brains department. That was row number one, and today when he told me he had sent Mrs. Bass to Reno and —well, he was quite surprised when I *didn't show girlish delight*, and we had our second and last row, and now I have to see a man."

"What about?"

"Oh, it's an awful red-faced man—a new client I got for Bass. He wants a secretary—but he thinks I've got sex appeal, too, and I'll have to talk him out of some of his ideas, for I know he'll expect me to keep evening gowns in my office locker."

"Absurd!" said Bill. "I never heard of such a thing! But look, Katarina—gifties—for you!"

She gasped at the umbrella and the other items. "But, Bill, I couldn't accept—why, it's too—"

"Now, now, just a minute. I'm not giving things to every girl I meet. These are for my wife. These here are nuptial presents."

"Your wife?"

"Sure—and I go with them, rotten disposition and all. What do you say, Trina? And look—I won't be foolish—I'll paint medicine men or any other darned thing you say!"

Pretending she still didn't understand, she toyed nervously with the jade bracelets. "Oh—I forgot—the Seesy sisters want you to go to Salem right off, to do those portraits—and to meet some historical society people that want a mural—"

"Trina! What do you say? I love you, darn it all, and I—"

"Well, why didn't you say so?" She leaped up, wound her arms fiercely about his neck and kissed him, and after a suitable time she said, "And you're sure you won't mind if sometimes I'm a siren—just for you."

What price convictions?

"Mind?" said Bill Fowler. "By gad, I can see where we're doomed to a great success if we don't look out!"

"For heaven's sake, lady, I told you he doesn't die!" *Adolph Schus*

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Spilled Perfume

Continued from page 17

"There's plenty guys in this town that could be described like that," O'Malley commented.

He called up the telephone number to see what it was and it proved to be a church on Long Island.

"Nothing in that," he said, disappointedly. "Well, we done a lot of work here and we have got nowhere. I'll let you know if anything turns up."

We left the hotel and the next day he called me up.

"You want to go out on Long Island?"

I met him at the station and we took a train out to Long Beach. A couple of plain-clothes men were on the same train with us but they didn't speak to us or we to them. When we got to Long Beach we walked around and watched the bathers. A little before dinner-time we went to a café. The two plain-clothes men who had come out on the train with us were there but they didn't seem to notice us.

"THIS is the kind of perfume that lady used," O'Malley remarked to me.

He produced a little bottle and uncorked it.

"Try some on your handkerchief." Wave it around and see how nice it smells."

He spilled nearly half the contents of the bottle on my handkerchief and the scent filled the place. Most of the men and women turned and looked at us. I wondered what kind of people they thought we were. One man didn't look at us. He was a big man with blond hair and he seemed very nervous. He kept wiping the sweat off his temples with his napkin and finally he got up and went out. We stayed where we were but the two plain-clothes men went out after him. A little later we went out too. One of the plain-clothes men was standing down the street and we followed him and found the other one around a corner.

"In there," the second man said to us, jerking his head toward a little bungalow.

The two plain-clothes men went around to the rear of the bungalow and we waited in front, but we didn't go in. After a while a small woman with black hair came up from the beach in a bathing suit and went into the bungalow; so we went in. The woman was swiftly packing a small brown suitcase and the man was throwing things into another huge one.

"What is the meaning of this intrusion?" the man demanded when he saw us.

"We got an idea you two are going to be pinched for murder, fellow."

The woman ran swiftly to the rear door, but the two plain-clothes men were coming in that way. They watched us uneasily while we searched the bungalow. We found a small packet of bills tacked to the under side of a dresser drawer. Then we found another in the back of a framed picture. Later we found some more. When we had all the packets they made fourteen thousand dollars.

"Fair enough, buddy," O'Malley told the man. "Is this lady your wife?"

"She is."

"How was all this, O'Malley?" I demanded, as we sat looking at the ocean and waiting for the police wagon.

"Why, it was a murder trap," he answered. "When this Wester advertised to get married, this lady and her husband fixed it up that she would answer him. Their idea was to kill him for his dough. She met him in Atlantic City, where he wouldn't know anything about her except the story she told him, and where she wouldn't meet none of his friends that could recognize her after. She got him to sell his store.

"They got married and come to New York, with him bringing the money, and they went to that hotel where her husband had took a room a couple of days before and was waiting for 'em. She got Wester to ask for a room near where her husband's room was. When they was in the room she got him to lay down for a nap while she went out to shop. After he was asleep she went to Room 1231 and give her husband the key and told him it was O. K. and Wester was asleep, and then she walked out of the hotel. Her husband went to the room and knocked Wester off and took the dough and left the key inside the room and went back to his own room. Then he checked out."

"I understood most of that," I said, "but what became of her baggage?"

O'Malley got up and put the small suitcase inside the big one. It still left room for some clothes.

"I see," I said. Her husband, after the murder, took her suitcase to his room and it was carried out inside his bigger one. But how did you trace them down?"

"Why, she was a little woman and Wester was a big man and I figured she couldn't take the chance to murder him; so someone was working with her. But there wasn't any indication she was working with someone in the hotel, so probably it was a guest. But it wasn't a guest in an even-numbered room because to get back and forth to that odd-numbered room he would have had to pass the floor-clerk. So I was looking for a guest that had checked out from an odd-numbered room near the twelfth floor who had a bag big enough for a small suitcase to go into it. I found a guy like that had had Room 1231."

"VERY neat," I complimented him. "Then what?"

"These people figured to leave no trace who they were, but there is usually something if a cop can find it. She had spilled some of her perfume and the guy in 1231 had threw away a match folder with a telephone number on it. I called the number up and it turned out a church—so that didn't mean nothing. It wasn't till after that I thought how crooks sometimes write a number backwards so it is plain to them but not to other people. So then I called the phone number backward and it was a Long Beach café.

"There ain't no telephone in this bungalow, so I guess if him or his wife wanted to get the other one they had to telephone this café. That meant that they used this café sometimes. I figured if one of 'em happened to be in there and a cop spilled some of the perfume around that she used in the murder room they would get nervous and maybe pick themselves out for us. He knew I was a cop all right. There was only one guy that perfume meant anything to except just foolery, but to him it meant the cops had spotted him. It was just luck we got him the first time we tried it. I had got plenty of the stuff and I was prepared to keep spilling it around at different times until I was sure neither him nor her was there."

"It certainly worked," I said. "You picked two people out of about six million with very little to go on."

"Yeah, I was lucky. Probably the next case I'm on the guy I'm after will come up and ask me the time of day and I won't know it's him."

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We Plan our Luck

THE Gloucester fishing boats are flying a new flag. From the mast of every ship in the fishing fleet hangs the blue eagle of the National Recovery Administration. For the fishermen, too, are under a code.

The Gloucester men have agreed to limit the number of boats which each week go out for mackerel. Production will be curtailed and minimum prices set at which the catch may be sold. The interests of the fishermen will be pooled so that all may prosper.

While the Massachusetts seamen were changing their habits Southern planters were plowing under ten million acres of growing cotton. Altogether, cotton which promised to yield a crop of 3,500,000 bales was being destroyed.

Nearly 950,000 farmers earned approximately $100,000,000 for destroying their cotton. They will be benefited financially, also, by receiving options to buy government-owned cotton at 6 cents a pound, cotton which can be sold at higher prices because the farmers were able to plow under so much of this year's planting.

Emergency acts, these, but tremendous in consequence.

Fishermen, farmers, and all others who are coöperating to restore health to our economic life are doing more than merely refraining from production or destroying unsalable surpluses. What is really happening is the establishment of new principles, new ideals, new goals. These are the fundamentals of life.

One of the familiar ideals of the era which ended in the crash of 1929 was the aspiration to be the biggest. The tallest building was the goal of the ambitious architect or owner. Every town and city measured its excellence by its growth. Mere numbers brought distinction. Even colleges and universities went in for fabulous figures.

Every farmer sought a bigger crop than in the preceding year. Colleges and governmental bureaus devoted enormous skill to improving methods of production so that the yield of land and of human energy might be indefinitely increased. More and more, was the cry.

More excited even than farmers were business men in the pursuit of size. Samuel Insull sought to create the largest utility empire. The senseless drive to extend his power led to acts which destroyed. So long as Insull was content to manage the Chicago utilities entrusted to him he was a skillful operator. Overgrowth was fatal.

Insull, however, was not exceptional except in his lack of scruple. The majority are wise and decent enough not to disregard the letter of the law. Nearly every business man, however, was moved by the same ambition: to be the largest in his field.

Long after the National Recovery Administration has become a historical episode in our World War reconstruction history, men will undoubtedly continue to strive to be the biggest of their kind. Ambition of this sort did not die with Alexander the Great, Napoleon, or even Ivar Kreuger. But never again will senseless size seem so important. We have learned something of vital significance from our national effort to restore prosperity.

This is that things are good only as they can be well used.

Millions need more clothing but the unregulated production of cotton surpluses has done nothing to satisfy their needs. Too much cotton production forced the price so low that planters had little money with which to buy anything. So people who ordinarily supported themselves by supplying the wants of cotton planters had little work and less money. They could not buy even the cheap cotton.

The vicious spiral continued downward until the problem of overproduction was brought under control. Drastic efforts were required. Our government had to impose taxes to raise a hundred million dollars to pay farmers to destroy their growing crops. But, drastic as was the experiment, it worked and the downward spiral was broken.

From now on, public need rather than personal ambition will be in control. A fisherman, a farmer or a manufacturer must consider the effects of his plans upon the general welfare if he expects to continue in business.

The Recovery Administration is a temporary organization, but there is nothing temporary about its principles. Social control will endure because it is essential to our permanent well-being.

The recovery act has been called an experiment and this is accurate. But make no mistake about whose experiment it is. Those making the experiment and truly interested in its success are the farmers and especially the business men who are given freedom to establish codes and agree upon rules under which they may operate and serve the public interest. In the long run the government now and fifty years hence must continue to advance the purposes which lie back of the recovery act.

If the codes adopted by business men under the present law should not accomplish recovery, then the government unquestionably would be compelled to write new codes and to use all its force to compel their observance.

We, as private individuals, are given the opportunity to show how effectually we can serve the public interest. We, not the government, are being tested.

We shall succeed. There is enough intelligence, resourcefulness and adaptability in the American people to assure this. We don't have to be driven by dictators. We are capable of self-government even in economic affairs.

As we establish self-government we shall find that we are working toward new goals. Social control is being substituted for business anarchy. Public welfare is a better objective than mere magnitude. Our ideas are being revised as our business is changed. The result is good.

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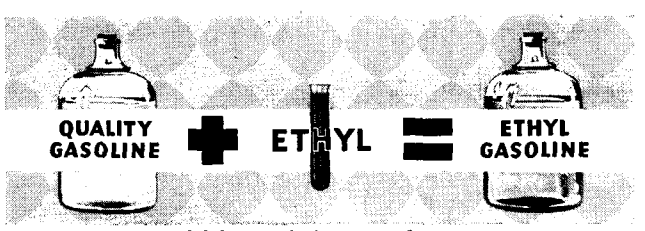

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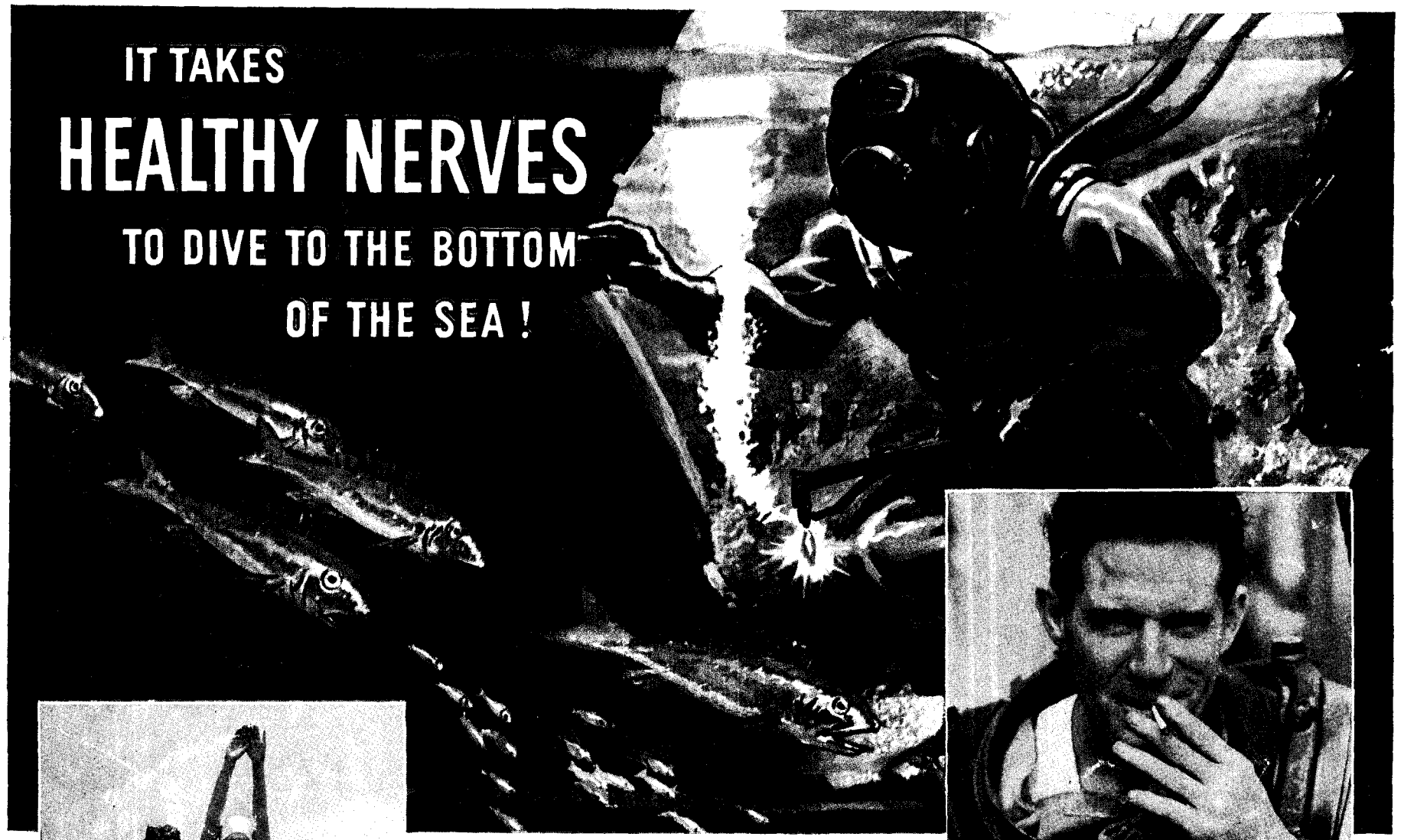

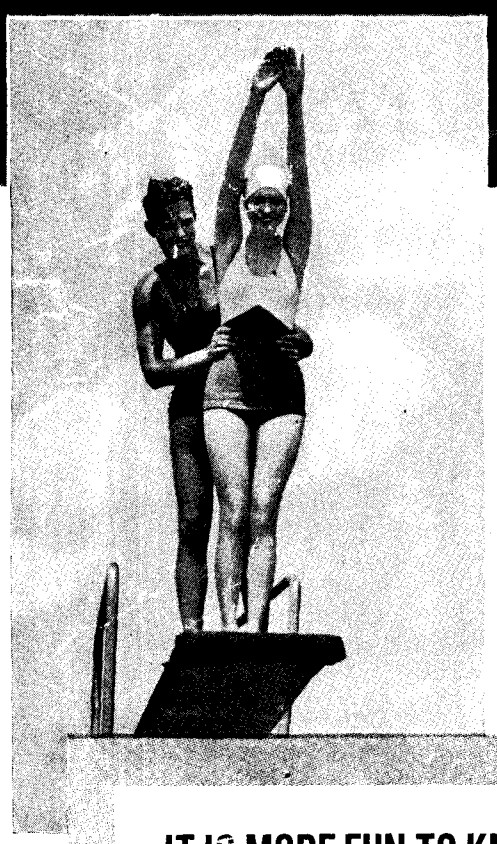

● ABOVE—PROWLING ACROSS THE OCEAN FLOOR in semi-darkness... beneath thousands of tons of water... facing unknown dangers every time he descends... a deep-sea diver finds that healthy nerves are essential. His very life may depend upon his nerves.

● LEFT—DIVING FOR FUN calls for healthy nerves, too! You can smoke all you want and never have jangled nerves, if you switch to Camels.

● FRANK CRILLEY, champion deep-sea diver, holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Navy Cross, and other decorations, says: "Camels *are* milder. They never upset my nervous system."

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* * *

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Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

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